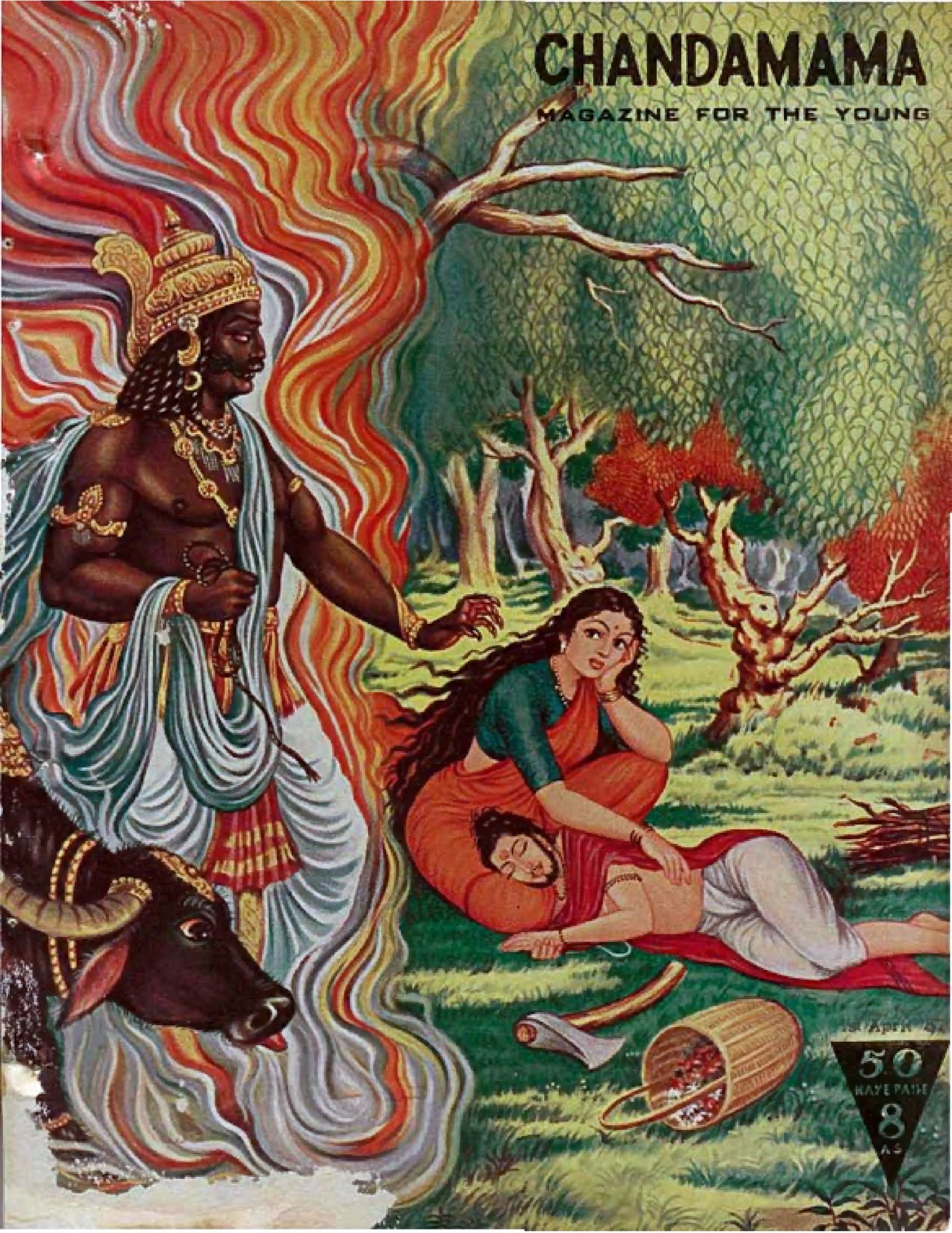


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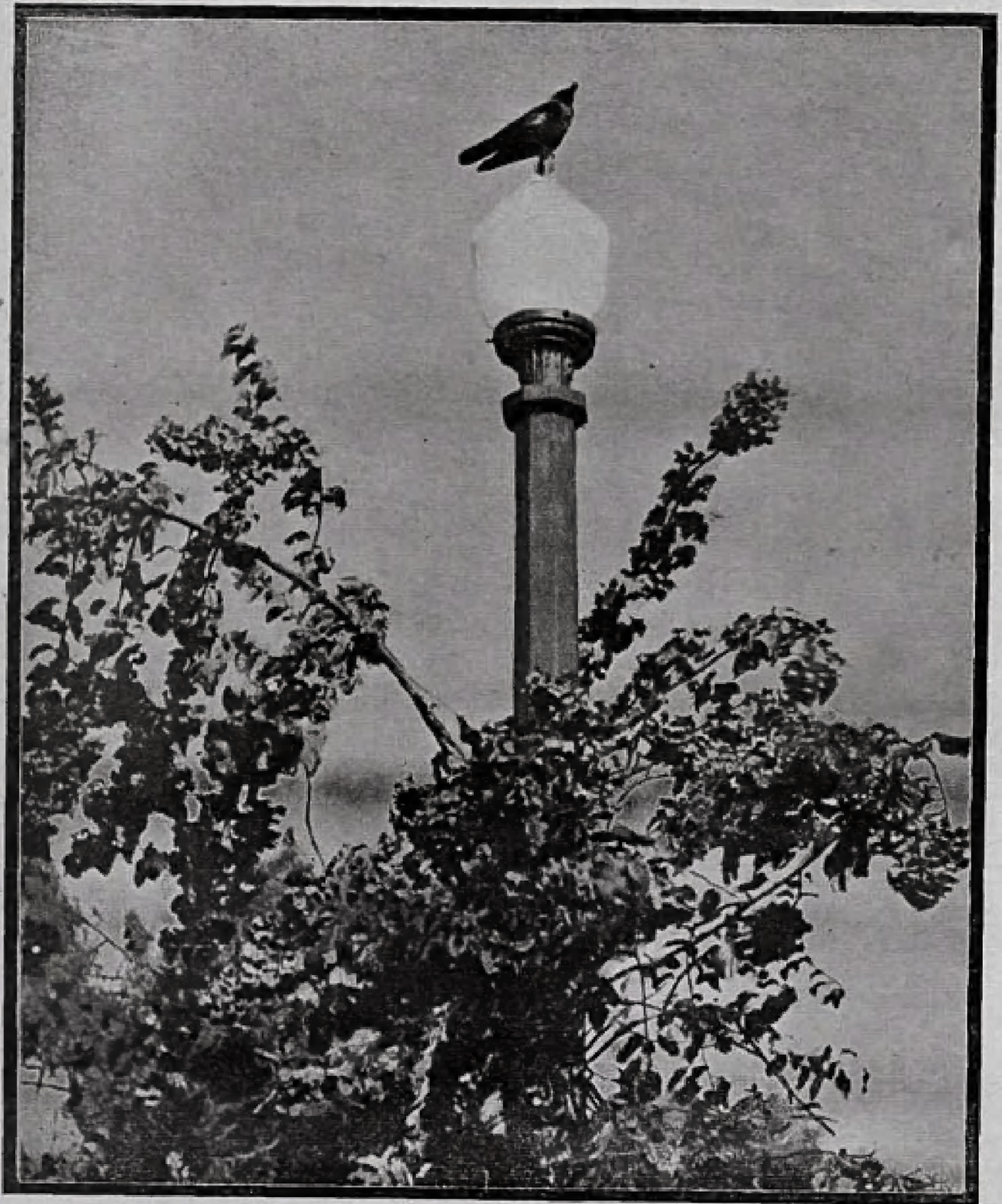
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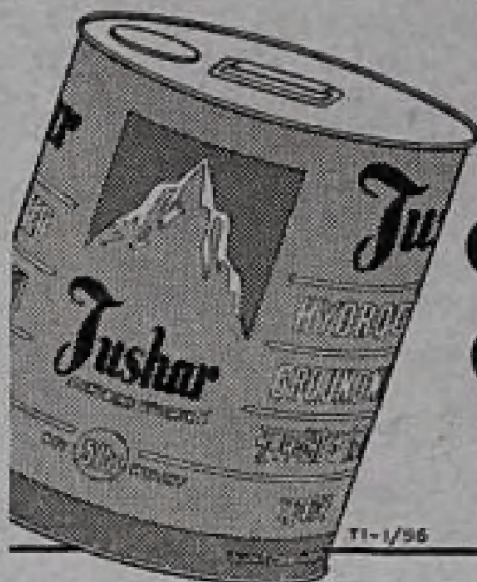
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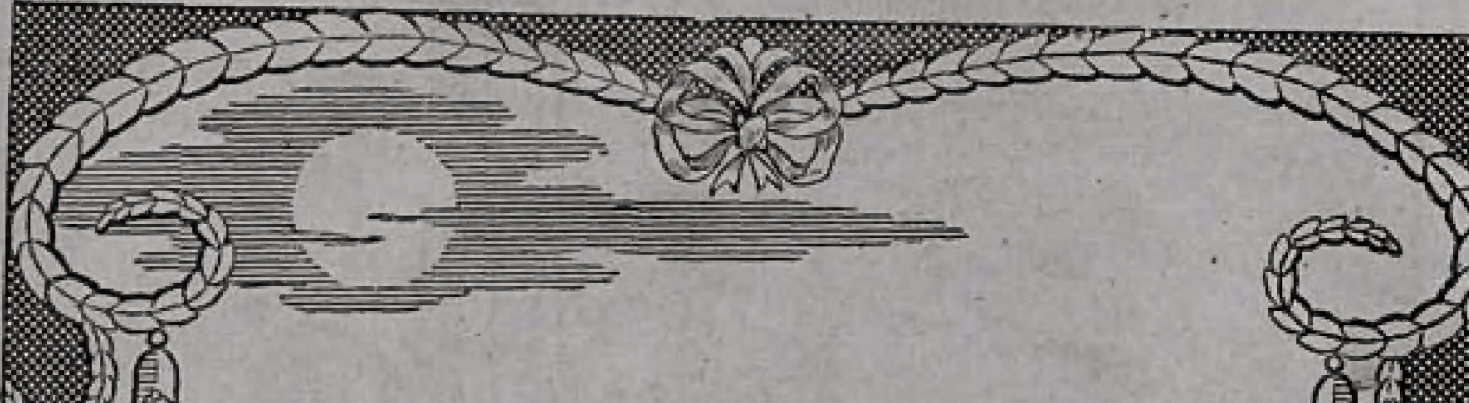
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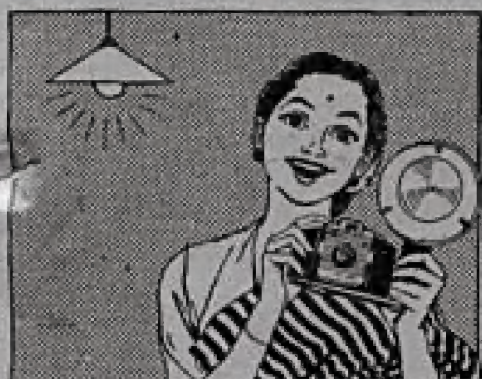
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CHANDAMAMA

Controlling Editor : CHAKRAPANI

YOU cannot pacify evil by yielding to it. On the contrary you aggravate it. But people compromise with evil, partly because they do not know how to fight it and partly because they want to save their own interests. They even go to the extent of sacrificing others to the evil. If they think that they can earn the evil's gratitude by such a policy they are soon disillusioned.

In the story "ACCURSED" (Jataka Tale) the King tries to save himself from danger by sacrificing the prisoners in his kingdom to the Demon. But when the prisons are empty the King is again face to face with death. Then he tries to buy victims for the Demon. In the end Sutana achieves what the King should have attempted. He agrees to become food for the Demon, makes the Demon conscious of its evil existence and reforms it completely.

VOL. 4

APRIL 1957

NO. 4

CHITRA

THE FRONT COVER

HAVING married Satyavan, Savitri set aside all her jewelled ornaments and fine dresses, and wore coarse clothes. She spent her time in attending upon her husband and his aged parents.

For three days preceding the day of Satyavan's death she undertook a rigorous fast. On the fateful day she did not break her fast.

That morning, when Satyavan was going into the jungle for flowers and firewood she accompanied him. While chopping wood Satyavan felt a severe headache, dropped his axe and lay down to rest with his head in Savitri's lap.

Presently Savitri saw Yama, the God of Death, standing before her. She saw him tie up her husband's spirit with a rope and go away. She at once got up and began to follow him.

Yama advised her to go back but she refused. In order to get rid of her Yama granted her several boons, including sight for her parents-in-law, restoration of their kingdom and a hundred sons for Aswapati. Still Savitri persisted in following Yama. Finally he granted Savitri a hundred sons.

Then Savitri asked him how she, a devoted wife, was going to have children with her man dead. Yama yielded up Satyavan's life at last.

Savitri returned back to her husband and found him awake. Then they returned to the hermitage where Satyavan's blind father was already with sight. Soon Satyavan got back his kingdom too and lived happily with his devoted wife Savitri, and they had a hundred children!



ACCURSED

WHILE Brahma-datta ruled Banaras, Bodhisatva was born into a poor family and was known as Sutana. He grew up and maintained his parents by the product of his labours. In time his father died but his mother survived. Even then Sutana hardly found it possible to maintain himself and his aged mother despite his day-long labouring.

The King of the country was very fond of hunting. He went into the forest frequently and hunted wild animals. One day he chased a stag very far into the jungle and at last managed to shoot it down with an arrow. The stag was dead but the King had to carry it himself, as he had no servant with him.

The King threw the stag across his shoulder and walked until noon. The heat was terrific. What with the chase and the load the King was utterly tired. Luckily for him he saw a huge banyan tree with its cool shade. He threw his burden down in the shade and lay down to rest.

But, the next moment, a tall demon stood before him and bellowed, "I'll eat you!"

"Who are you?" the King asked the demon. "What right have you to eat me?"

"This tree belongs to me," the demon replied. "I can eat anyone who steps into its shade and touches the ground below it with his feet. I am a demon!"

The King thought for a while and asked the demon, "Surely



you eat not only now, but every day?"

"Of course, I eat every day!" the demon replied.

"In that case," the King said, "your food problem is not solved if you eat me now. But," he went on, "if you are satisfied with this stag now and let me go free, I shall solve your food problem forever. I am the King of this land. So I have the capacity to supply you with food and a man for each day."

The demon was quite satisfied with this arrangement.

"On that condition I shall spare you," the demon said. "But if, on any day, you fail to send me the man, I shall come to you and eat you up."

The King gave his stag to the demon, went home and told his Minister everything.

"I can manage everything satisfactorily, Your Highness," said the Minister. "Our jails are overflowing with prisoners. Let one prisoner serve as food for the demon everyday."

From that day onwards the Minister took out one prisoner everyday and sent him along with other food for the demon under the banyan tree.

In course of time all the prisons became empty. The Minister was baffled as to what he should do. He got the following proclamation made throughout the land:

"The King will make a gift of a thousand rupees to anyone who volunteers to take food to the demon of the banyan tree."

Sutana was greatly surprised when he heard this announce-

ment. "What a wonder!" he said to himself. "Here am I toiling day and night and never seeing a copper, and the King pays a thousand rupees to anyone who is willing to be eaten up by the demon!"

"I shall accept the offer, mother", he said to the old woman. "I'll take the thousand rupees and take food to the demon. You can be quite comfortable with the money."

"What nonsense!" the old woman said. "I am perfectly happy, now! Don't you go anywhere!"

"Don't fear for me, mother," Sutana said. "I shall be quite safe. See if I don't come back safe and sound."

Then he went to the King and said: "Your Majesty, I am willing to take food to the demon in the forest if you lend me your sandals, sword, umbrella, and a gold bowl."

"Why do you need all these things?" the King asked him.

"Oh, I need them to outwit the demon!" Sutana replied.



Then he took the King's sword, put the sandals on his feet, held the umbrella over his head, took the demon's food in the gold bowl and went to the haunted banyan tree in the forest. But he did not step into the shade of the tree.

"You have come a long way in the hot sun," said the demon to Sutana. "Why don't you come into the shade and rest?"

"No, thanks," said Sutana. "I must return back immediately. Here is your food." He placed the bowl of food in the

sun and pushed it into the shade of the tree with the tip of the sword.

The demon was enraged at this trick. He thundered at Sutana, "I usually eat not only the food but the man that brings it, too."

"You have no right to eat me, you know," Sutana replied. "I've not stepped into your shade, nor touched your ground!"

"It is all a swindle!" roared the demon. "If I can't eat you, I can't! But I can certainly go to the King and eat *him*!"

"Wait!" said Sutana to the demon. "You are already an accursed creature. Don't you realise that you are leading such a disgraceful life because of past sins? Must you commit some more sins? Why can't you re-

form at least now and lead a more respectable life?"

The demon's face fell. "What do you expect me to do?" he said. "I do not know how to live any better."

"Let me show you how to live better," Sutana told the demon. "Come with me and I'll show you a place near the city gate where you can live. I shall send you clean food everyday. Give up eating human beings."

The demon agreed to follow Sutana's advice.

Seeing Sutana return alive, the King was amazed. But he was happy when he heard the full account of what had happened. He appointed Sutana forthwith as the commander of his armed forces and followed his advice in all matters of state.





THE RIDE

IN the kingdom of the forest, one day, Rabbit went on a visit to the Deer. After the usual courtesies the Deer said to the Rabbit, "We heard that you have been giving Fox a good deal of trouble. Fox has been openly declaring that he will get you. You had better be on the watch."

"What do I care for Fox?" Rabbit said, "Don't you know that he was my father's mount for thirty years?"

When next day Fox paid the Deer a visit, the Deer repeated to him what Rabbit had said about him being a mount for his father for thirty years. Fox gnashed his teeth and said, "I'll make him tell you all about his father riding me. Just wait."

Then he went to Rabbit's house and knocked. Rabbit was expecting him. He had closed and bolted the door. When he heard the knocking, he said in a very feeble voice, "Who is it? Is it Brother Fox?"

"Yes," said Fox. "I've come to fetch you. Open the door."

"O Brother Fox," Rabbit moaned, "I am very ill. Will you please get me a doctor?"

"Not now," said Fox. "The Deer are throwing a party and everyone is there except you. They sent me to fetch you. Let us go now."

"I can't move a foot," Rabbit replied, "how can I come? I am very ill!"

"I shall help you walk," Fox replied.

"If you really want me to come," Rabbit said, "Carry me on your back."

Fox agreed. But Rabbit insisted on having a saddle and bridle.

Then he got on to Fox's back, and began to ride.

"I shall not carry you right up to the Deer's door," Fox said. "You will have to walk some distance."

"That is reasonable," Rabbit said, slipping spurs on to his heels without Fox knowing about it. When Fox halted within sight of the Deer's, Rabbit dug his spurs into his sides and poor Fox had to run. He ran past the Deer who were standing amazed at their gate.

After a time, Rabbit managed to turn Fox back and they

arrived at the Deer's. He tied up Fox to a post outside and went in. After spending some time with the Deer, Rabbit bade them good-bye, untethered Fox and got on to his back again.

"Now," said Fox, "see what I am going to do with you."

Fox took Rabbit to a deserted spot and halted. Rabbit nimbly jumped from his back and raced towards some bushes, Fox following close on his heels. Leading him on like that, Rabbit suddenly ran into the hollow of a tree.

The hole was not big enough for Fox to go through and, in trying to pursue Rabbit, Fox knocked against the tree and fell down unconscious.

(To be continued)





4

[The armies of Kundalini stormed the Marala Isle and conquered it. King Mandara-deva of Marala made good his escape, accompanied by four of his soldiers. As they were rowing on the sea without a destination, they came upon Siva-dutt of Kundalini who appeared to be in the same plight as Mandara-deva. Siva-dutt began to tell Mandara-deva what had happened in Kundalini before Naravahana became King.]

WHAT Siva-dutt said surprised Mandara-deva. Samarsen was such an experienced and brave person that it was unbelievable that he committed political blunders. In order to enrich his motherland, Samarsen had voyaged to strange islands, had undergone unimaginable hardships, and brought back untold wealth. Was it possible

that this wealth had brought misery to Kundalini, instead of prosperity?

"Siva-dutt," Mandara-deva said, "I was under the notion that the ship of wealth which Samarsen had brought from the Island of Sorcery brought prosperity to your people!"

Siva-dutt laughed sardonically. "Alas, Mandara-deva!" he said.



“Well, let me tell you all about it!” Siva-dutt said. “Seeing that his coffers overflowed with silver and gold, the King lost all interest in administrative affairs, and Samarsen thought that he had brought enough wealth to keep the people contented and happy for a long, long time.

“With their enlarged incomes, the King’s officials began to buy up happiness and luxury. The evil spread to the villages, too. The common people were free of all taxes, they had no need to toil on the land or elsewhere. Cultivators cultivated enough land for the needs of their own families, and allowed the rest of the land to go fallow. There was a keen shortage of food-stuffs.

“The want was felt most in the cities. The rich people of the cities went into the country and began to offer enormous prices for food products. The cultivators had so much money that they went on raising the prices of food-stuffs.

“That wealth brought us anarchy only. Let me tell you what happened. When we reached Kundalini with that ship of wealth we had a rousing reception from King Chitra-sen as well as from the populace of the island. There were celebrations all over the land for a period of thirty days. Chitra-sen abolished all taxes on the people. He doubled and trebled the salaries of his officials!”

“That must have brought about all-round happiness!” Mandara-deva exclaimed.



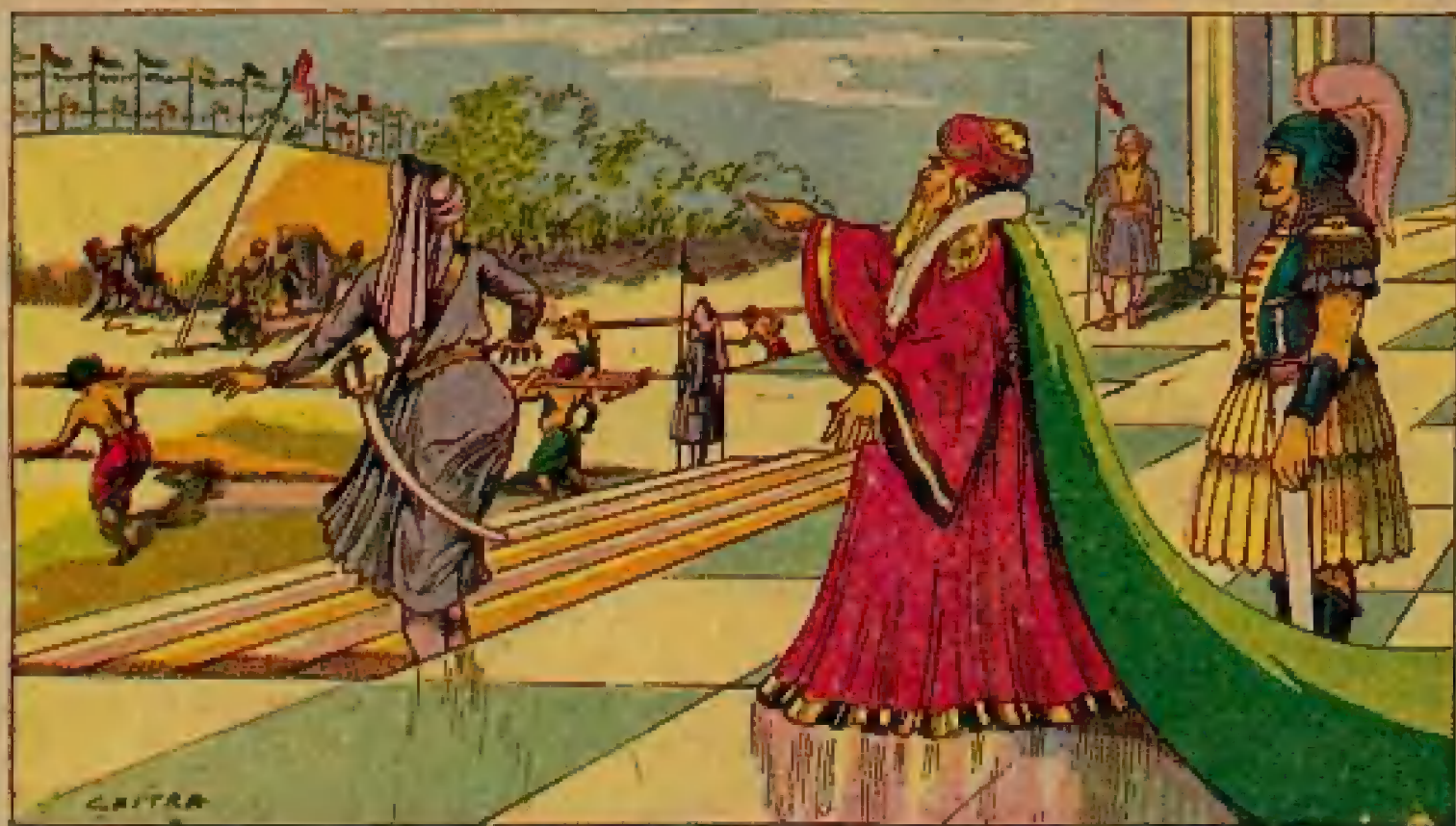
“Slowly anarchy raised its ugly head. There were people in the cities who could not afford to buy food at the existing prices. They joined together into bands and raided the villages during the nights.

“For a counter measure the villagers raised the price of corn on a par with that of gold. Then they too formed into armed bands in order to protect themselves from the raiders.

“The King who was, so to say, in the seventh heaven of delight, knew nothing about these deve-

lopments. Let me confess that I and Samarsen were equally ignorant. We lost contact with the state of affairs in the land. The more the wealth flowed out of the treasury the more was the need of the people for money. The most acute shortage of money was felt because of the rise in food prices which was more than a thousand fold.

“And the entertainments which King Chitra-sen devised for the diversion of his people! Now I feel terribly ashamed when I think of them. But, all





the same, people thronged by the hundreds and thousands to witness those entertainments. Let me describe them to you.

“Lions were caught in the jungle and were brought into an arena. Whoever entered the arena armed only with a sword and killed the lion was awarded gold which weighed as much as the dead lion. Greed prompted several daring men to enter the arena. Some of the unfortunate fellows got killed by the lions, but those who killed the lions took away huge quantities of gold.

“Gradually these public entertainments became very cruel and utterly barbarous. There were fights between elephants, between lions and elephants, and so on. I tried to point out to Samarsen that these entertainments were becoming quite undignified. But he did not heed my words. A common soldier called Naravahana who had shared Samarsen’s adventures on the Isle of Sorcery became Samarsen’s new confidant in my place.



“‘We don’t lack in wealth,’ Samarsen told me. ‘Let our people learn to be tough and brave. There is nothing wrong in it. Our King is getting old. Why should he not get some entertainment out of these games?’

“While the King and his Court wasted its energy on these stupid games, very serious things were happening in the rest of the land. Kingships sprang up like mushrooms everywhere. Whoever could dominate the local population became a lord, the local boss. And there they



gathered small forces and began to fight their neighbours in order to extend their influence. Neither King Chitra-sen nor any of his courtiers had any contact whatsoever with the people. They were blissfully ignorant of what was happening all over the land. I was the only one who guessed at a fraction of the trouble that was brewing, but none would pay any heed to my warnings. They were all deaf to them.

"Virtually all trade and cultivation came to a standstill. There were desperados scouring

and ravaging the towns as well as the villages, in large bands, without anyone to hinder them. Soon the King's rule was limited to the area of his palace. Beyond the fort walls he was not thought of. The country seethed with princes, kings and monarchs!

"One day, the King was witnessing the games, when a messenger brought him a letter. The King took it and handed it to Samarsen by his side, asking him to see what it was about. Samarsen read it and turned pale, his face was like chalk.

"'Your Highness,' he said to the King, 'I beg you to put a stop to these games now and proceed to the palace. I wish to discuss some urgent political affairs with you!' King Chitra-sen looked at me and Samarsen with displeasure, but he got up. I thought of leaving the King and Samarsen alone, so I began to bid the King good-bye, when Samarsen stopped me, and said that I should go with them.

"Well, the three of us went to the King's private chamber.





There Samarsen showed us the letter, and said: 'We have been quite blind all these days. Without our knowledge there are several kings and monarchs on this island. They have sent us this ultimatum. They say that they want to dethrone the King who is both cruel and incompetent! They ask us to deliver the fort into their hands and abdicate.'

"At long last King Chitra-sen appeared to come out of his drugged dreams. He gave a start, opened his eyes wide and shook himself, and said, 'Why, Samarsen? This thing has gone too far indeed! Let us teach these devils a good lesson, so that the rest of them will benefit by it! Round up the ringleaders and chop off their heads, my dear Samarsen!'

"So be it, my lord!' Samarsen said with a bow, and added, 'I shall be seeing you again!' Then he walked out of the chamber. I accompanied him without saying anything. After walking for a while, Samarsen suddenly



halted, and said to me, 'Sivadutt, what do you think of all this?'

"I was unable to reply to this abrupt question. Moreover, I knew very little except that the country was in a state of anarchy, that some upstarts had gathered forces around them and were indulging in feuds with one another. It surprised me that some of these upstarts should become so strong as to challenge the King himself. If I knew little about the state in which the country was in, Samarsen knew



even less about it, and I had not the least doubt about that.

"‘I am afraid,’ I said at last, ‘that the enemy must be strong. If they had had any doubt of their strength they would have stormed the capital. Seeing that they did not do it, I conclude.... Figure it out for yourself!’

"Samarsen was immersed in thought for a couple of minutes before he nodded his head and said, ‘There is something in what you say, Siva-dutt. But we do have a trained army and able military leaders. I think we can make short work of these upstarts in no time!’

"I knew full well to whom Samarsen referred when he said, ‘able military leaders.’ They were the handful of soldiers who were with him in his adventures

on the Isle of Sorcery, and more particularly Naravahana.

"‘In that case,’ I said, ‘the sooner we wipe out these rebels the better. Call forth the army. There is nothing impossible for us, with you as our commander.

"Samarsen looked at me in surprise. ‘Surely,’ he said, ‘this petty affair does not call for your command or mine? Naravahana is a reliable and brave fellow. I want to entrust this campaign to him.’

"I had already heard a good deal about Naravahana, and what I had heard did not prove that he was a reliable person at all. But I could not convey my misgivings to Samarsen. And yet I could not see Naravahana put in charge of this campaign."

(To be continued)



MASTER MISER

A certain miser of a certain country came to know that there were misers who excelled him. He heard that there was a particular man in another country who could give him tips in miserlines, and started out to meet that man.

He journeyed by foot for several days and reached the place where the Master lived. The Master received him very warmly, learned the purpose of the visit, and said, "We can talk about that later. Let me give you food first."

Surprised at this the miser said, "Please do not worry on my account. I've got a loaf of dry bread."

"No, no," said the Master. "You are my guest and I must feed you." Then he took his guest to a bread shop and asked the shop-keeper, "Have you excellent bread?" "Master," said the shop-keeper, "I have bread as soft as butter." "Let us have butter itself," said the Master.

They went to a butter shop. "I've butter as fine as oil," said the shopman.

"No, no," said the Master, "we shall have oil instead." They went to an oilman who said, "I've oil which is as clear as water!"

"We may as well have water itself," said the Master. He gave his guest a glass of water. The miser returned home having had his lesson from the Master.





MADALASA

ONCE upon a time there was a King called Satrujit. Prince Ritu-dhwaja was his son. The young prince was so cultured, so handsome and so valorous that young men came from far-off places for his companionship. Two youths of the Serpent World, belonging to the Naga tribe, took on the disguise of Brahmans and came to the noble prince, seeking his companionship. These youths showed such attachment to the prince that he was anxious to have them always by his side. All the day they kept company with the prince and went home only after dark.

"I never see you during the day time," the Naga King, one day, said to his two sons.

"You are at home only during the nights. Why is it so?"

"O father," the boys replied, "we have become the friends of Prince Ritu-dhwaja. We keep him company all day. We don't think he has a rival in all the three worlds either in cleverness, or beauty, or courage."

The Naga King was happy at this. He said, "Well, then, why don't you give him some nice gifts?"

"What is it that we can give him, father?" the boys said. "He lacks nothing. If an occasion should arise when we can do him a good turn we will certainly help him." The Naga King agreed to this.

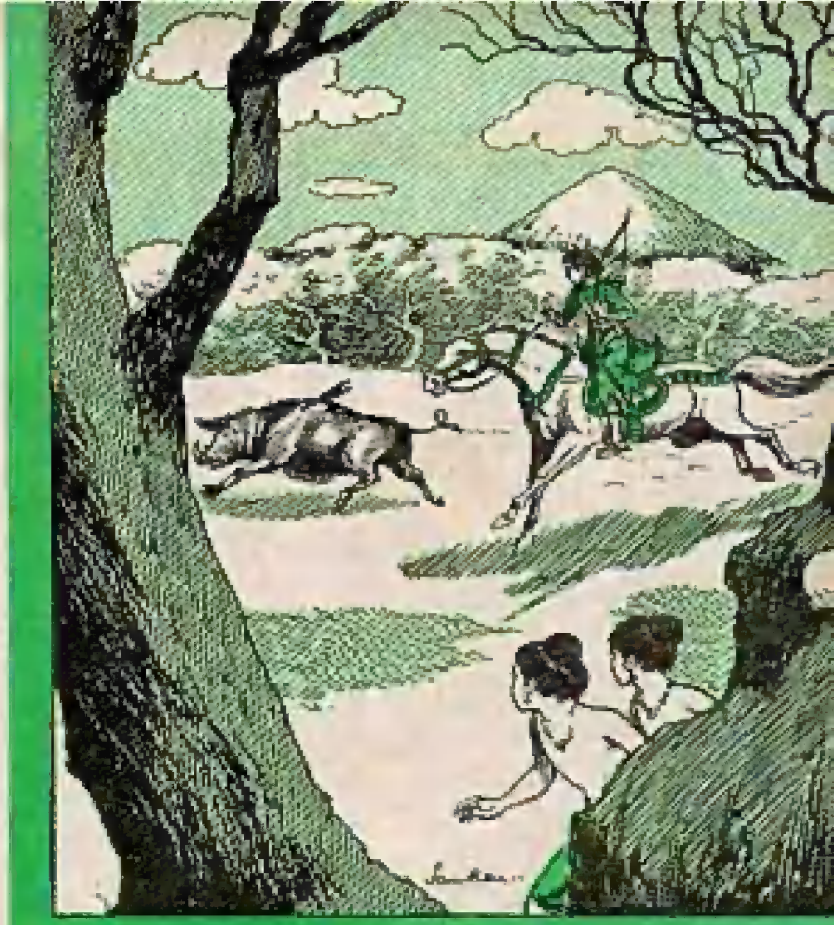
Now, a certain hermit called Galava was doing penance in a

forest when a demon named Pathala-ketu, belonging to the Nether World, began to harass him. The poor hermit knew not what to do. He looked up at the sky and heaved a great sigh. The next moment a strange horse came down from the sky and alighted before him, and he heard these words from above:

"O Galava, this horse can travel the three worlds. It is a Three-World Horse. Take this to Prince Ritu-dhwaja, so that he can ride it, go everywhere and protect you from the demons."

Without delay Galava the hermit mounted the Three-World Horse and went to King Satrujit. He begged the King to let the prince accompany him. The King agreed and the prince mounted the horse and went to Galava's hermitage.

It was evening. Galava sat down to worship his fire. The demon, Pathala-ketu, took on the form of a wild hog and rushed into the fire chamber and frightened Galava. The lads of the hermitage shouted for help.



The prince rode to the spot and hit the hog with a well-aimed arrow. The hog began to run away, groaning with pain. The prince chased it for a while and finally saw it jump down a pit.

It was no shallow pit, it was the entrance of the passage to the Nether World. Luckily the horse could go anywhere and the prince entered the passage on it. Presently he emerged near a well-lit city and entered it. At one place he saw a woman near a house. As for the hog it had completely disappeared.

"Who are you, madam?" the prince asked the woman. "What is your name? What is the name of this place?" Instead of replying, the woman moved and went inside the house. Intrigued by her silence, the prince followed behind her.

Inside, he saw a fairy-like damsel reclining on a couch. The woman whom the prince saw outside was standing by, fanning the damsel.

Now the woman was anxious to speak. "O Prince," she said, "my friend here is the daughter

of a Fairy King called Visva-vasu. Madalasa is her name. Pathalaketu the demon kidnapped her and brought her here with his devilry. He went away after informing her that he would marry her on the thirteenth day of the moon. My friend would have committed suicide, but for my intervention. My name is Kundala and I am her companion. I am thinking that Providence has sent you here to rescue my friend!"

Kundala learned from the prince his story. She found that



Madalasa was favourably disposed to the young gentleman. She took Madalasa's hand, placed it in the hand of the prince as a gesture of betrothal, and said, "O Prince, from now on she is your responsibility."

The prince put Madalasa on his horse and began to retrace his steps, when there was a shout: "Stop! Don't move a step!" The demon Pathala-ketu stood before him with his forces.

At once the prince took out an arrow that produces intense heat and hit the demons, who

instantaneously turned into heaps of ashes.

Then the brave prince took Madalasa to his home and married her. Until noon, everyday, he wandered the three worlds, protecting the hermits and their rituals. The rest of the day he spent with his loving wife. Because of his horse people began to call him the Three-World Rider.

Pathala-ketu who died at the hands of the prince had a younger brother called Thala-ketu. He bore a grudge against the prince because the prince had





killed his brother and married the girl he had intended to marry. He devised a plan to avenge himself on the prince. He disguised himself as a hermit, built a hermitage on the banks of the Jumna and pretended to do penance.

One day, the prince came to that spot, saluted the false hermit and asked him, "Holy man, are you free from the troublesome demons?"

"My son," the other replied, "what can the demons do while we have such an one as you to

protect us? But," he added, "I am in need of your help."

"What can I do for you?" the prince asked.

"I thought of performing a *yajna* under water. I need some gold. I want you to give me your necklace and stand on the bank, seeing that no demons come this way," Thala-ketu said to the prince.

The young man believed him and gave him his necklace. While he stood on the bank with his bow and arrows in readiness, the cunning demon swam to the other bank of the river under the water and soon reached the place of Satru-jit.

"O King," he wailed, "I bring you very sad news. The demons have killed your son. At the last moment the boy handed me this necklace. We ascetics have no use with gold. So I came all the way to tell you the sad news and give you this necklace." Having said this the demon departed.

As soon as she heard of her husband's death Madalasa fell

down in a swoon, in which she died. This only added to the sorrow of the King and Queen who were already filled with grief.

In the meantime, the demon Thala-ketu swam across the river under the water again, came out of it, and said to the prince, "Thanks to you, young man, I finished my *yajna*. You can go now!"

The prince rode back to his place. The entire city appeared to him to be devoid of life. He noticed that several persons were staring at him wildly. He reached the palace without comprehending anything. His father and mother embraced him, crying, "Are you alive, son!" But they did not cease to shed tears.

"What are you weeping for?" the prince asked them. They told him how, when Madalasa got the news of his death, she had died of shock.

The grief of the prince was immense. He blamed himself for remaining alive after hearing the news of his wife's death. He



would have killed himself but for the consideration that suicide was sinful. "I shall never marry another woman in my life!" he swore.

Among the many friends of the prince there was none who did not share his sorrow. The Naga youths approached their father, saying, "O Father, now is the time for us to go to the help of the prince, if we can. In his present condition nothing can please him as much as regaining Madalasa." They told him all that had happened.

The Naga King thought for a while. "I shall try," he said, "whatever lies in my power." At one time the Naga King had worshipped Saraswati, the Goddess of Learning, and pleased her. She had bestowed upon him the gift of music. Now he went to Mount Kailas and sang before Lord Shiva.

Lord Shiva was so pleased with the singing that he said, "My son, you made me so happy with your music. What can I do for you in return?"

"Lord," said the Naga King, "I want you to bring Madalasa back to life!"

"But she is already cremated," Lord Shiva said. "How can she come back to life?"

"Create her again, Lord," said the Naga King. "I am very eager to make the prince my son-in-law."

"So be it," said Lord Shiva. "Go home and worship your ancestors. Offer them the usual morsels of food. Then eat the middle one of the morsels and



Madalasa will be reborn out of your head."

The Naga King did as he was told and Madalasa came out of his head alive once again. He hid her in his palace. Then he called his sons and said to them, "Sons, you have never once brought your prince here and given him hospitality. Now that he is immersed in grief it is your duty to entertain him and make him forget his sorrow."

The Naga boys at once went to the prince and said, "O Prince you have never been our guest.

Our father keeps asking for you. Won't you come with us?"

The prince agreed to be their guest for a while. The three of them came to the banks of the Gomati and got into the waters. The moment the Naga boys were under water their bodies changed to those of serpents. The prince saw gems shining on their heads.

"What a surprise!" the prince exclaimed. "You are not Brahmans but Nagas! Why did you keep it secret from me?"

"O Prince," the boys said, "we were afraid that you would



refuse to be friends with us if you knew that we were Nagas. You must pardon our deceit!"

"What do I care if you are Nagas?" the prince replied. "Whoever you are you are dear to me."

The Naga King gave the prince a really colourful reception. There was no end to the feasts and entertainments which he got up in honour of his guest. He offered a seat to the prince by his side on his diamond throne, and said, "My dear young man, my sons talk about you all the time. I thought that I should have such a charming young man for my son-in-law. I heard that your wife had died an untimely death. You are still young and should marry again. Accept my daughter as a gift from me!"

"Pardon me, sir," the prince said. "I have vowed that none but Madalasa should be my wife ever!"

"Oh, you will change your mind," said the Naga King, smiling, "after you have seen my daughter." Then he ordered the maids to bring Madalasa.

What was the joy of the couple when they saw one another again!

The Naga King told the prince exactly what had happened, and said, "Well, son, she was your wife first. But now she is my daughter too. Permit me to marry you again." The marriage of Madalasa took place amidst great splendour and rejoicing. The Naga King heaped gold and diamonds upon the couple when they took leave of him and returned back to their country.



TIT - BITS

HERE is a story of the late President Roosevelt. A Senator was supposed to have presented his cause before Roosevelt, who told him: "You're right."

Then came another Senator, who presented the opposition argument. The President told him: "You're right."

Mrs. Roosevelt, who had been standing by, said: "But you can't approve of these two who are diametrically opposite to each other."

The President replied: "You're right."

* * * *

SOME years ago, George Bernard Shaw was persuaded by a rector friend to visit his Sunday School class. The children in the group had been learning at the time about Daniel in the lion's den.

"Why wasn't Daniel eaten by the lions?" Shaw inquired.

The rector was confident of his charges even before so distinguished a visitor as Shaw, for he had instructed them carefully.

"Because he was a good man," replied one youngster.

"Because Daniel prayed to God," offered another.

To a whole series of replies along these lines Shaw shook his head, and then said:

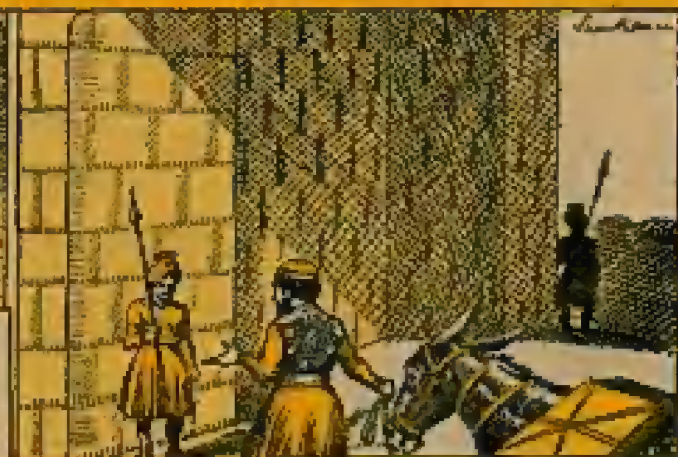
"I am sorry, you are all wrong, children. Daniel was not eaten by the lion because he was a vegetarian—and if you become vegetarians the lions will not eat you either!"

* * * *

"HILDA only got one mark for her sums to-day, Mummy, so she altered the one into a five and was found out."

"I hope you would never do a thing like that, dear."

"'Course not, I'd have made it into a seven."



A Strange Painting

LONG ago there was a prince of Rajasthan who was very fond of art. His name was Jaya-simha. There was a famous artist at his court. The prince was thinking of having his portrait painted by the state artist, when unexpectedly the artist died. Since then his chair at court remained vacant.

Now, it happened that a certain artist named Hema-chandra who belonged to the region of the Himalayas arrived in Rajasthan. He was a poor artist seeking for a livelihood. He learned that the court artist Jaya-simha had died and that his seat was still vacant. With the hope of getting engaged by the prince, Hema-chandra journeyed across the desert on his mule for three

days without food and water, and arrived at the palace almost dead with fatigue and hunger.

The guards would not at first let him enter the palace. But Hema-chandra told them that he was going to see the prince with his paintings and that he was an artist, and thus managed to enter the palace.

The prince saw Hema-chandra's work and liked it very much. He was surprised that such a good artist had to come all the way from the Himalayas in order to seek for a livelihood.

"I like your paintings," the prince said. "What will you take for them?"

"Sire," said the artist, "I am hungry. Give me food first. Then, I hear that a certain seat

is vacant at your court. Permit me to sit upon it. That is all I want."

The prince agreed. He sent the artist to the dining-hall where Hema-chandra had a delicious repast. His mule was accommodated in the royal stables. Hema-chandra became the state artist.

Now that he had a state artist, the prince thought that he could have his portrait painted for the ancestral gallery. He said to the artist, "On the palace walls hang the portraits of all my ancestors. Paint my portrait so that the future generations will know what I used to look like."

"Very good, my lord," said the artist. "I shall not paint you alone. I shall paint Her Majesty by your side. I shall include your ministers, commanders, and all the rest of your court."

"Good!" said the prince, "I permit you to do a painting of the entire court."



Among the courtiers there were several ugly types. Some had large tummies, one had a hump, and another one had a squint. These persons approached Hema-chandra and said, "Paint me slim. Paint me without deformities. Give me a pair of normal eyes," and so forth. These were no requests. The people threatened to have the artist beaten and even put to death if he did not paint them without defects.

This thing reached the ears of the prince. He called the state artist and said to him, "I want you to paint each one of the courtiers exactly as he is. If I find the slightest alteration in anyone, I shall order you to be hanged!"

The artist was in a fix. Whatever he might do death looked imminent. He did not know how to escape. He thought and thought until he decided how to escape danger.

A particular wall was selected for doing the painting. The artist put up a curtain in front of the wall, so that he could work behind it without anyone molesting him. He got three men to help him with his job. He then began to while away his time eating and drinking along with his assistants.

A month went by. The prince asked the artist how he was proceeding with the painting of the picture.



“My lord,” said the artist,
“I am at it. It will be soon
finished.”

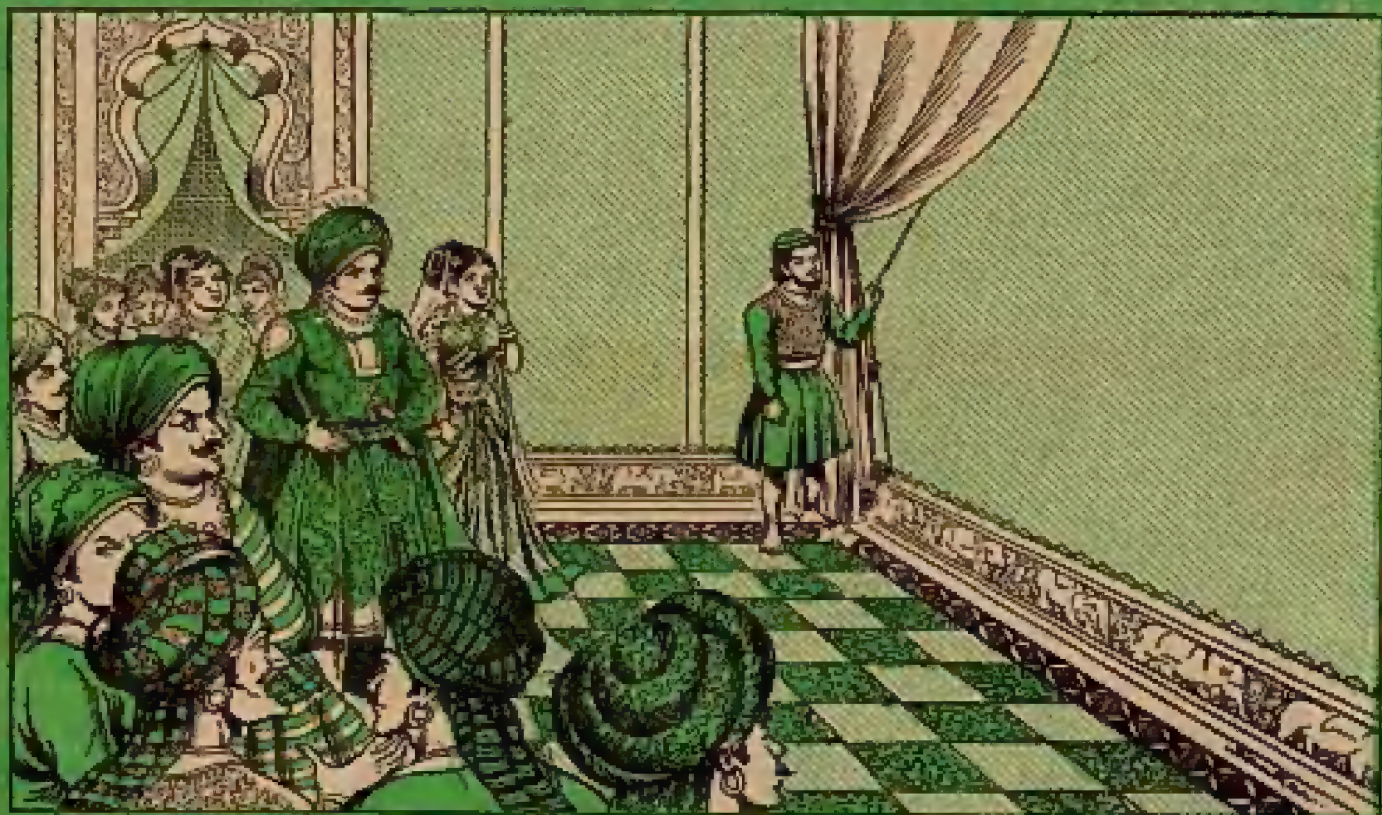
After that the prince asked the
artist every week whether the
picture was getting completed.
And each time Hema-chandra
replied that it was almost finished.

Three months went by and the
picture was still not finished. The
prince got angry. “Finish the
picture within a week,” he said
to the artist, “or you will be
severely punished.”

“But, my lord,” said the artist,
“the picture has been finished.
I wish that you will come and
witness it tomorrow.”

The prince was glad to hear
that the picture was finished at
last. He informed the entire
court that the picture would be
unveiled next day.

At the appointed time the
prince, his queen and the court-
iers arrived to see the picture.
The artist stood before the cur-
tain and said : “I have painted all



of you in this picture. Let each one identify himself. But before I draw the curtain I must warn you: my painting will be visible only to those of you who are of noble birth. The rest will see nothing."

Then he pulled the curtain aside. There was no picture at all on the wall. But the prince himself hesitated to say that he saw nothing on the wall. Each one of the spectators thought that he alone saw a blank wall while the others could see the picture.

At last the court jester blurted out, "How ignoble must have been my birth! I see no painting on the wall!" Then the others too came out, saying that they saw no picture on the wall.

It was evident that the wily painter had tried to fool the whole court. The prince ground his teeth in rage, and said, "Base villian, how dare you swindle us! You shall pay for it by hanging by the noose!"

Hema-chandra was not perturbed. "My lord," he said humbly, "hang me by all means. I knew that I was sure to die in any case. But, sire, do not hang me by a rope of gold, because the goddess of wealth has so much aversion to me that the rope of gold may crumble to bits, if you try to hang me by it!"

The prince could not help smiling when he heard these words. He gave the unfortunate artist a quantity of gold and sent him away on his mule.



ONE AGAINST THREE

THERE was a peasant who cultivated sugar-cane in his field.

The crop was good and the peasant had to protect it from casual plunderers. One day, three young fellows, sons of the local Zamindar, *pujari*, and money-lender, came by the field, saw the canes and decided to eat them.


But the peasant was shrewd. In a flash he hit upon a plan. He approached the Zamindar's son and said, "Sir, you are welcome. Have as many canes as you want. Your friend, the *pujari*'s son, is also welcome. But why do you keep company with this money-lender's son? He is a disgrace to you."

"You are right," said the Zamindar's son. "Drive the fellow out!" The peasant hit the money-lender's son with his stick and the poor fellow ran away. "Now that I think of it," said the peasant, looking at the *pujari*'s son, "this young man is no fit company for you either."

"All right," said the Zamindar's son, "Drive him away."

The *pujari*'s son did not wait till he was beaten. Then the peasant turned to the Zamindar's son, raised his stick and said, "Get out of my field this minute, you disgraceful son of a Zamindar!"



A black and white illustration of a man in traditional Indian attire, including a dhoti and a shawl, walking towards the right. He is carrying a large, wrapped bundle, presumably a corpse, on his shoulder. He has a sword or dagger tucked into his belt. The background shows a large, gnarled tree on the left and a landscape with some small flowers or plants on the ground. The overall style is that of a classic children's book illustration.

THE ALCHEMIST

RESOLUTELY Vikram went back to the tree, took down the corpse, threw it across his shoulder, and began to march towards the burial-ground. "O King," said the Bethal of the corpse, "what a pity that you should labour in the dead of the night! Let me divert you with a tale." He narrated the following tale :

At one time King Suketu ruled over the Marala country. He was a man of great valour and little wealth. A terrible famine had ravaged the country for twelve years and Marala became one of the poorest countries. The famine killed off a great part of the population and many people left the land in search of

Stories of Bethal

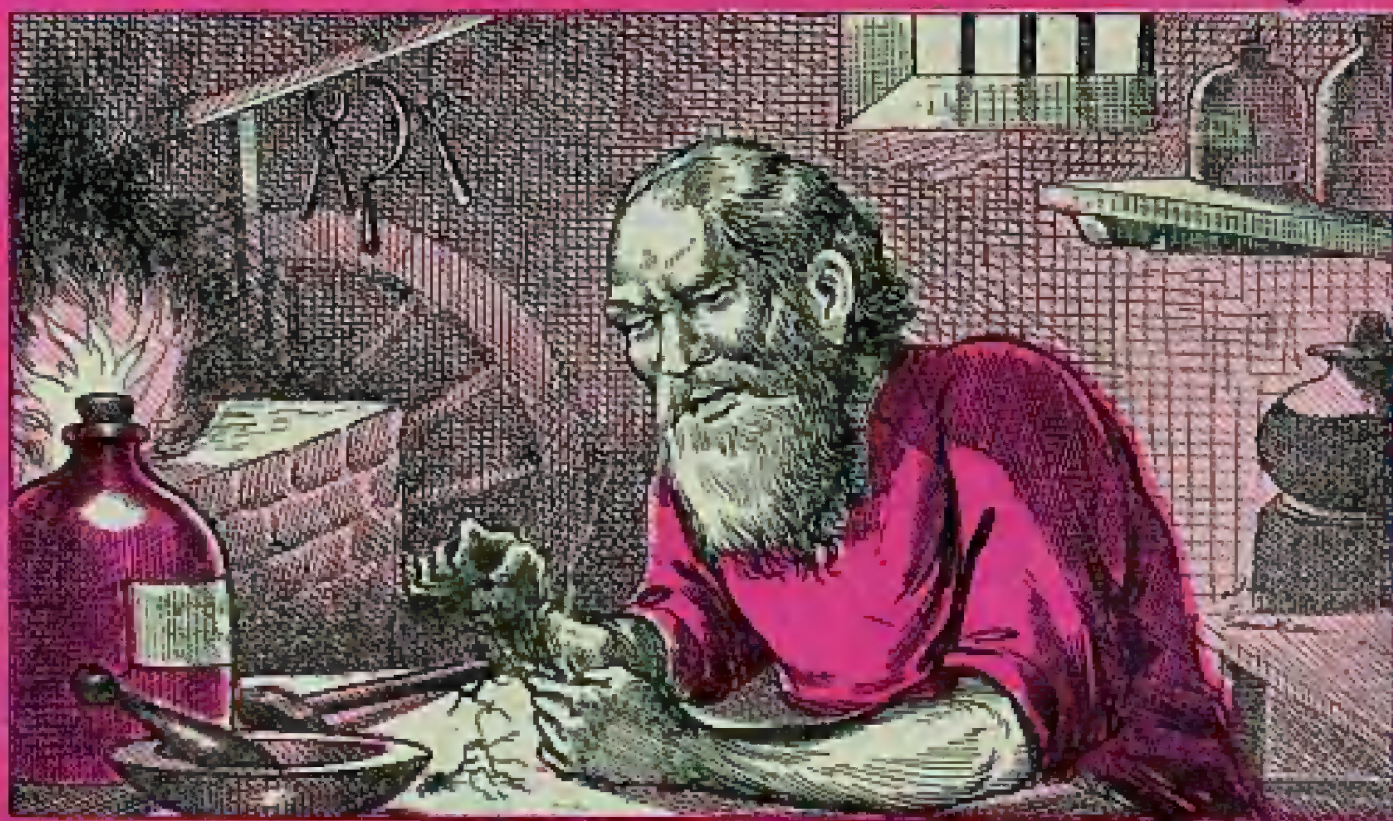
food. The country suffered in every way.

To this land came a very aged alchemist, Viswa-Karma by name. He saw the King and said, "O King, I have devoted my entire life to alchemy. If you can support me for a year I shall be able to make gold in any quantity."

King Suketu thought that this was a great opportunity to make the kingdom rich. He had only to maintain the old man for a year and there would be plenty of gold at his disposal; the

country would prosper again. "Agreed," said the King to Viswa-karma. "You can remain in the palace for a year and carry on your experiments. I shall provide you with all the equipment you need. Then you make the gold, retain one-sixteenth of it for yourself and give me the rest."

Viswa-karma agreed to the terms. He was provided with a workshop which had a furnace, crucibles, acids, jars and the like in it. He was also supplied with quantities of several base metals.





The old man stayed in the workshop day in and day out, doing experiments to turn the baser metals into gold.

Weeks and months passed. All the old man's wants were being amply satisfied. He was having a nice time. The year was soon gone. The King sent for the alchemist and asked him if he had succeeded in his experiments.

"O King," said the old man, "I am still experimenting. In another six months I shall be able to manufacture as much gold as you want."

The King was sorely disappointed. "You lied to me," he said, "when you told me that you would be making gold in a year. But I shall pardon you this time. If you fail to make gold at the end of six months, your head shall be nailed to the fort wall. I hoped that you would provide me with gold enough to make the country rich. Then, I thought, I would collect a huge army and conquer the neighbouring lands and become a great king. You have frustrated all my plans. Mind you, I am not going to pardon you a second time."

Viswa-karma did not know what to do. He could not make even a particle of gold, though he had devoted all his life to acquire that art. In order to keep himself alive he had had to lie to various persons. Now he was very old. When he had asked for a year's time he had hoped that he would be dead before the end of the year. But death had avoided him. He could not bring himself to commit suicide.



He had obtained another six months of comfort, but he did not know what he was going to do after that.

Viswa-karma contemplated flight, but the King was having him guarded well. The King's threat echoed constantly in his ears. It looked as though he was destined to die an unnatural death.

The six months were over. The king sent for the old man and asked him, "Are you ready to make gold now?"

"O King," the old man boldly replied, "I am not destined to make gold. Even if I were to live a thousand years I would not be able to make gold!"

"In that case," the King said, "you know what punishment awaits you!"

"There is no need to punish me," said the old man. "For, as a result of my experiments, I have discovered something which will be of greater value to you than all the gold in the world."

"What have you discovered?" the King asked suspiciously.



"Silver!" the alchemist replied. "Silver purified with the help of several rare herbs."

"Of what use is this silver to me?" asked the King.

"Sire," said the old man, "I shall beat this silver into a thin sheet and cover the hilt of your sword with it. With that sword in your hand you can conquer anyone. Let that sword obtain for you all the gold you want."

"Are you going to cheat me once again?" the King asked.

"O King, how can I deceive you and get away with it?" the

old man replied. "If the sword fails you you can behead me then, is it not so?"

The King thought that the old man spoke sensibly. He gave him his sword and got its hilt covered with the magic silver. The sword was publicly taken out in a procession and then sanctified. Viswa-karma obtained the gift of a county from the King.

News about the All-conquering Sword of King Suketu spread like wild fire. Some of the neighbour-

ing rulers were frightened but others did not believe the rumours. They thought that Viswa-karma had played a hoax upon King Suketu.

Soon Suketu collected a handful of soldiers and marched upon a neighbouring country. The ruler of that country sought the advice of his ministers. "Sire," said the ministers, "Suketu has got no army worth mentioning. He is marching upon us out of his blind faith in his sword. Let us fight with him," said some of



the ministers. But others said, "Suketu is no fool. He is too good a warrior to attack us with such small support unless there is something to that sword of his. They say that that sword is death to the enemy. It is foolish to die out of bravado. Sire, let us sign a truce with him!"

The King was thoroughly frightened. He went with his advisors to see Suketu in his camp. Suketu was standing with his sword in his hand. The neighbouring King saw death in that sword.

He offered to accept defeat and become Suketu's vassal.

From then on Suketu never faced defeat. Even when some of the kings stood bravely against Suketu, their rank-and-file soldiers became panicky when they saw Suketu's sword, and ran from the field, making it easy for Suketu to get at his enemy and put him to death with his sword.

Soon Suketu found none to resist him. It was enough if he sent a messenger to the enemy camp. Immediately his enemies



signed any treaty which he cared to draw up.

Suketu became a monarch in the course of time. Marala country was once again rich and prosperous. Viswa-karma's name and fame spread far and wide.

Having finished the tale, Bethal said, "O King, tell me how Viswa-karma, who could not make a particle of gold in spite of years of effort, managed to manufacture silver with such great powers only within the space of six months? And why had he to spend all his life maintaining himself with the help of lies? If you know the answer and still refuse to speak your head shall split!"

"The silver manufactured by Viswa-karma had no powers whatsoever," Vikram replied.

"Such powers lie in the minds of those who believe in them. Suketu was the first man to believe in the powers of that silver. So he started on a march of conquest with only a small army. His neighbour was the next man to believe in the powers and he accepted defeat without a fight. As the number of believers increased so did the powers of the silver too. It is easier to create powers than to create materials. But Viswa-karma had to lie so long as he did not realise this truth. In the face of death he realised this truth and prospered. As a matter of fact this was the alchemy that he mastered in his old age!"

The King's silence thus broken, the Bethal disappeared with the corpse and went back to the tree.



TRUE TO LIFE

ALEXANDER the Great once called upon a painter and ordered him to do a painting of his horse. The artist took great pains and produced a good reproduction of the horse. Alexander was pleased with the work, but did not wish to recognise the talent of the artist openly. So he found several faults in the painting, hoping to humble the artist thereby.

The artist patiently listened to the criticism and finally said to Alexander, "Sir, will you kindly send for your horse?"

Alexander did not know why he wanted the horse, but sent for him all the same. The horse saw the painting and neighed loudly.

The artist said to the baffled Alexander, "Sir, your horse seems to know better than you. He neighed at the horse in the painting, thinking it to be a real horse. I consider this as the best proof that my work is true to life!"

Alexander realised his blunder, paid the artist handsomely and sent him away.





SINDBAD THE SAILOR

I was very happy for several months.

My wife was such an amenable companion to me that I planned to take her with me to Baghdad when I got the chance to leave this country, secretly. It is quite true that man proposes but God disposes. Soon I was to learn that all my plans were nothing but dreams.

One day, one of my neighbours lost his wife. I went to condole him and said, "Grieve not, brother. All grief is futile. After a time you will not feel this sorrow. And—may Allah grant it!—the lady you will marry next may turn out to be even a better companion."

He appeared to be greatly surprised at my words. "What are you talking about?" he said. "Don't you know that you are talking to one who is to die in a short time?"

It was now my turn to be surprised. "Why do you say that?" I asked him.

FOURTH VOYAGE

CHITRA

“By the mercy of Allah, you enjoy good health! I hope you are not contemplating suicide!”

“Ah, I can see that you don't know the customs of our country!” he said. “We bury a man or woman when his wife or her husband dies. No one is exempted, not even the King.”

“What a horrible custom!” I exclaimed. “I would never submit myself to such a custom under any circumstances.”

While we were talking, his relations came to express their sorrow for the death of his wife and

his own impending death. Then followed preparations for the funeral. The dead lady was decked out with all the ornaments she had. Then she was borne to the burial-ground in a coffin, her husband walking behind the hearse. His friends and relations walked behind him.

Presently we reached a hill by the shore. On the hill there was a deep well. A large stone slab covered its mouth. Now this slab was pulled aside and the coffin was lowered into it. Then my friend was made to





follow the coffin with the help of a rope. To this rope was tied a jug of water and seven loaves of bread. My friend did not put up the least struggle when they lowered him into the well of death. The slab was pushed into place over the well and we came back home.

I thought that I had never seen anything more cruel in my whole life. As soon as I went to the palace I saw the King and said to him, "Master, I have been to many countries but never to one where a living husband is

buried along with his dead wife. Kindly let me know if this ghastly custom applies to foreigners"

"It does!" the King replied. "Any foreigner who is living here shall be buried alive if his wife happens to die."

My stomach turned when I heard these words. My heart began to throb with the thought that my wife might have died in my absence, and I rushed home. To my relief my wife was in full health, and I said to myself, "Don't worry, Sindbad. Your wife will outlive you and you will not be buried alive!" But this hope proved to be utterly false, because, after only a short time, my wife fell ill, was bed-ridden for a few days and then left the world to join Allah.

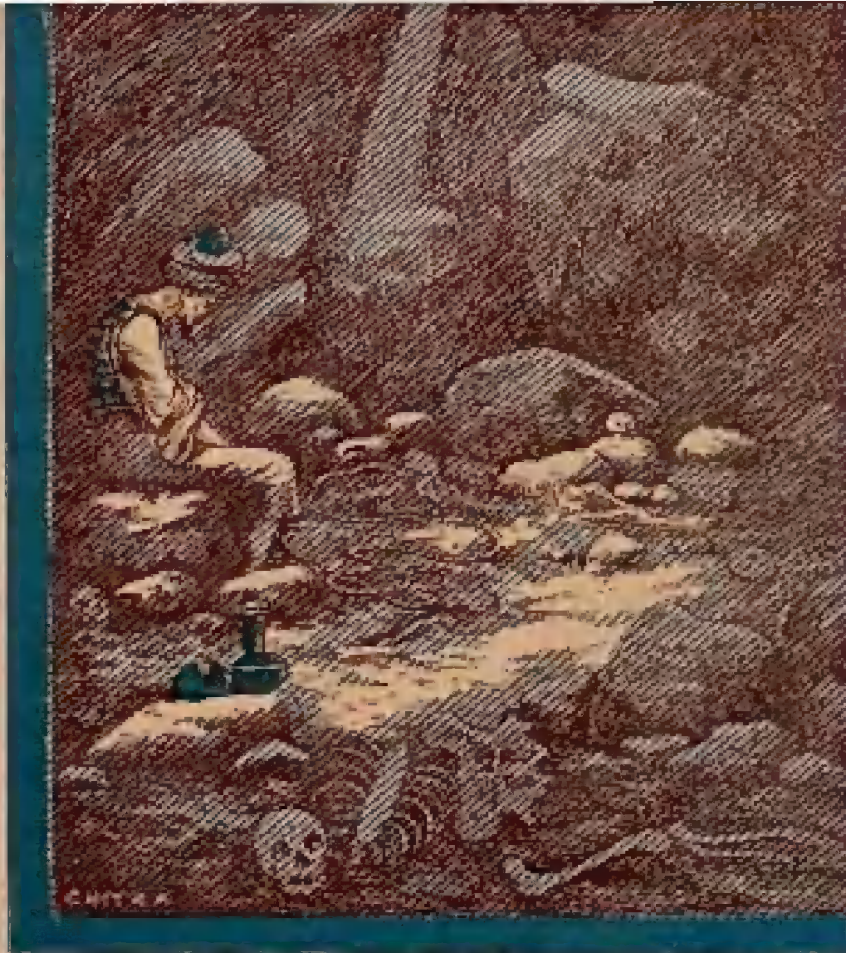
My sorrow and fright knew no bounds. Did I escape being eaten by cannibals only to be buried alive? If I had any lingering hopes of getting exempted from the custom, it was completely wiped out when the King came to me and condoled with me on my coming end! He promised



that he would be present with all his courtiers when I was to be lowered into the well of death. My wife was decorated with all her costly ornaments. As I walked behind her hearse, the King graciously walked by me.

Soon we reached the hill by the sea. The slab that covered the well was pushed aside. The dead body of my wife was lowered into the deep well. Then I told the King, "It is very unfair that you should force me to observe a custom of your country. I have a wife and children in my own country, waiting for my return."

But none heeded me. The rope was passed under my arms. They tied a jug of water and seven loaves of bread on the same rope. Then I was lowered into the pit. "We will pull up the rope when you untie yourself!" they told me as I descended. But, having reached the bottom, I jerked the rope, indicating that I wanted to be pulled up again. Disgusted with my behaviour, they dropped the rope after me, closed the well and went away.



The interior of the well where I found myself looked like an extensive cave. I smelt the stink of decaying bodies. There was some illumination from above, so the place was not entirely dark. I fell on the ground and shed tears for a long time. "This is a fit punishment for me. Why could I not be happy at home?" I wailed. "I could have died when the ship was wrecked in mid-ocean! I could have died in the valley of diamonds! I could have become food for the cannibals! Why did I marry in this

god-forsaken country and face such beastly death?"

Soon hunger and thirst began to torment me. I decided to keep myself alive as long as possible. So I began to consume my food and water in meagre quantities. I cleaned a place for myself to lie down at night.

Gradually my supply of food and water ran out and I was faced with the prospect of dying of thirst and hunger.

While I was sleeping prepared to die, I was disturbed from my sleep by a queer sound. Strain-

ing my ears I could make out the noise of respiration. Then I heard the noise of some creature scurrying off. I boldly pursued that creature. I ran up and down the uneven ground, stumbled and fell, got up and resumed my pursuit, until I could see the light of a single star in front of me!

I was greatly surprised. But as I proceeded further I found that the opening led into a narrow passage. Probably it was the work of a fox or wolf which made use of it in order to eat





the dead. I crawled through this passage and emerged into the open. The sky above was blazing with stars.

I fell on my knees and offered a prayer of gratitude to Allah. Here I was safe. The people in the city did not come this side of the hill. I went back to the cave of the dead, looted the ornaments on the dead bodies, made a bundle of them, came out again and hid the bundle at the foot of the hill near the shore. I made several trips to the cave and collected immense

quantities of gold, silver and precious stones.

Eating whatever I could get hold of, I lived in that deserted place for many days before I saw a ship. At the sight of the first ship on the horizon I took off my turban, unfurled it and ran to and fro on the beach while the cloth fluttered in the wind. Luckily for me I was noticed by the people in the ship. The ship made for the shore and I was taken aboard with all my bundles.

The captain of the ship approached me and said, "My



friend, I have been sailing ships in these waters all my life, but I have never once seen a soul on this coast. How did you happen to be here?"

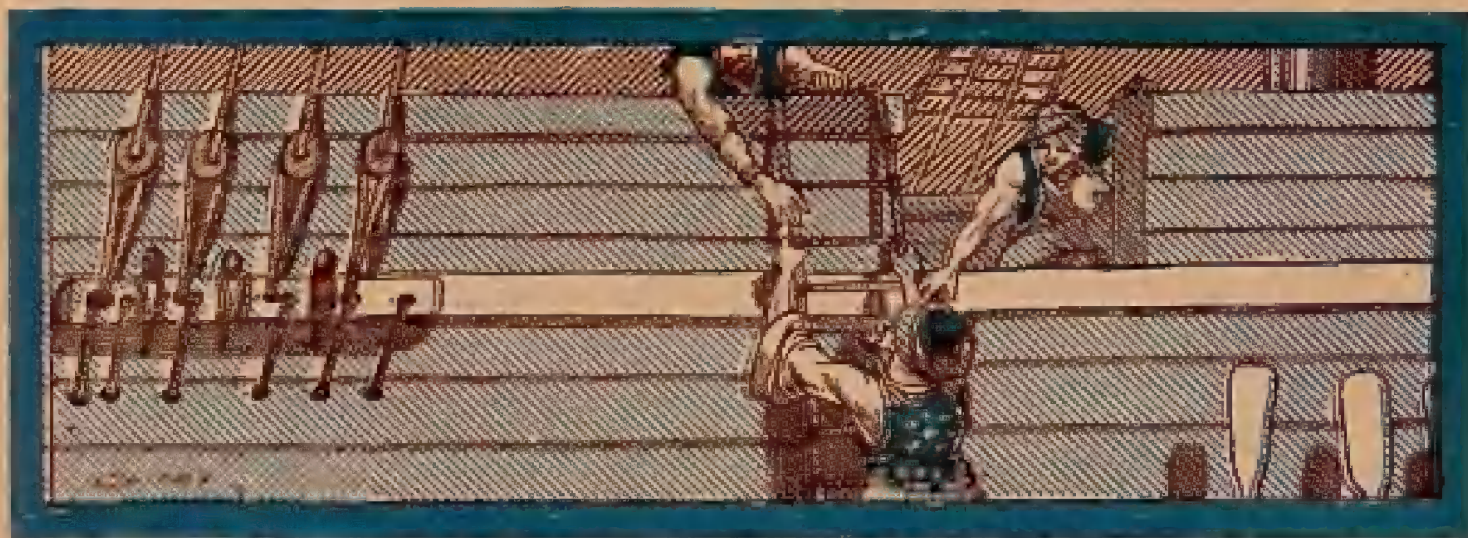
"Sir," I told him, "many of us merchants were sailing in a big ship when a terrible cyclone wrecked the ship and left us to the mercy of the sea. I was the only one who escaped alive on a large plank which saved not only me but also my cargo. Finally I drifted here."

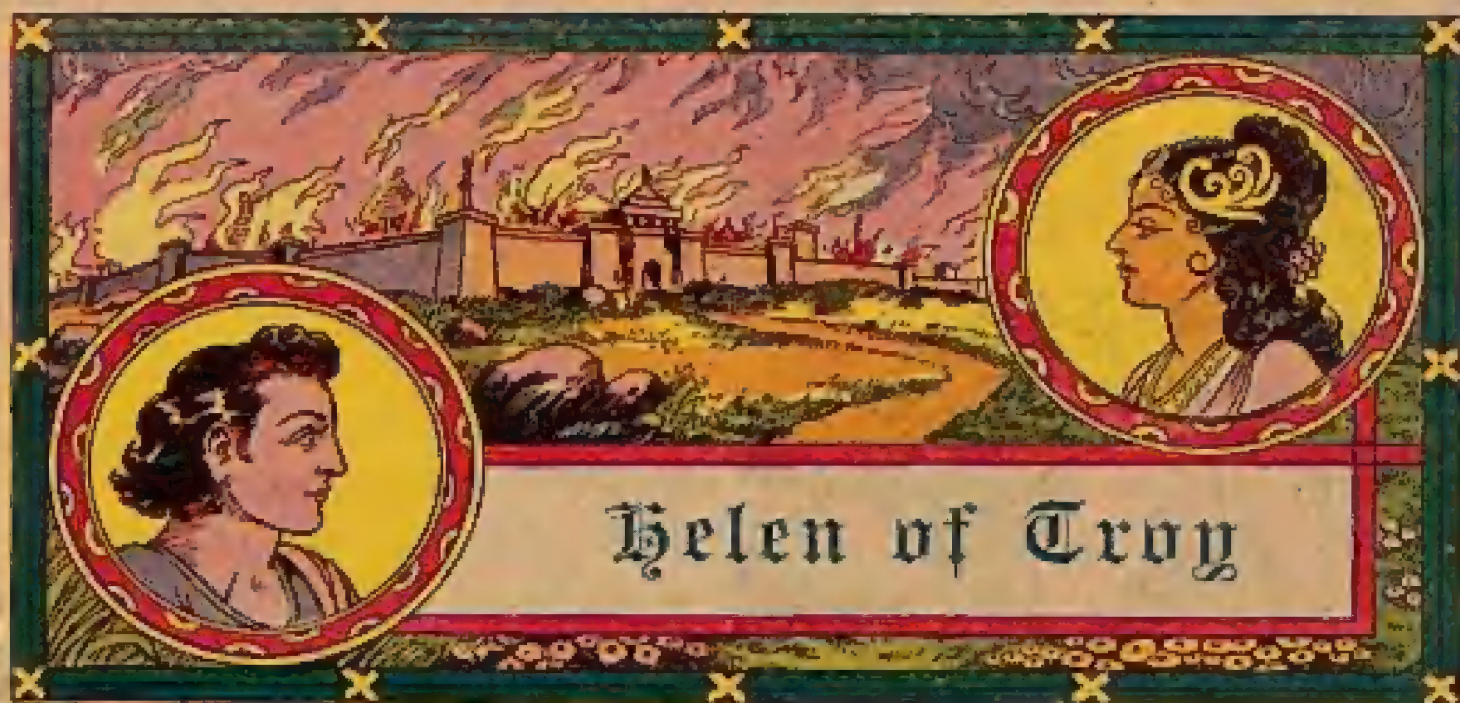
To please the captain I offered him one of the richest ornaments that I took from the cave of death, but the captain refused it, saying, "No! I can accept money from a passenger but not from one whom I have rescued from a ship-wreck. Several times

I have provided out of my own funds food, dress and fare for those whom I have rescued. Men should behave like human beings towards other men!"

The captain's humane outlook pleased me. We had a happy voyage. I spent most of my time recollecting my experiences. All the hardships which I had gone through now appeared to belong to a dream. But when I thought of the time I spent in the cave of death my blood would turn cold.

In the course of time we touched Basrah. After spending a few days there, I went up the river and arrived in Baghdad. My people were extremely happy to see me and the precious cargo I brought home.





Helen of Troy

5

(The Greeks got up an expedition against Troy when Paris, son of Priam of Troy, took away Helen, wife of Menelaus of Greece and the Trojans refused to give her up. The siege of Troy continued for nine years without much fighting. But the Greeks spent this time in ravaging the country around Troy. And many an atrocity was perpetrated both inside and outside the Greek camp during these nine years.)

THE ninth year of war was drawing to a close. It was winter and there was no fighting. The Greeks spent their time in enlarging their camp and practising archery.

At a distance from the camp there was the temple of Thymbraean Apollo which was neutral

territory. Both Greeks and Trojans visited this temple and offered sacrifices. So at times the Greeks came across the notables of Troy in this temple.

One day, Achilles arrived at the temple to make sacrifice when Hecabe, mother of Paris, was there on a similar errand, accom-



panied by her daughter Polyxena. Polyxena was a very attractive girl and Achilles fell desperately in love with her.

He returned to his camp burning with love for her and sent a messenger to Hector in order to find out on what terms he could marry Polyxena.

"Polyxena shall be yours If you betray the Greek camp and come over to Priam's side," Hector sent back his reply. "if you fail to do so, you must swear

to murder your cousin Great Ajax and some other Greek warriors."

Achilles shrank back from such terms. Soon winter was gone and spring came and the fighting was resumed. In the first engagement Achilles tried his best to meet Hector on the field, but he failed to do so. Once, when he was attempting to reach Hector, Helenus, a brother of Hector, saw this and pierced his hand with an arrow.

The trend of the war showed that the gods were inimical to the Greeks.

When Achilles had raided the country around Troy he had sacked several towns and taken several women as slaves. Among them were two girls named Chryseis and Briseis. Chryseis was allotted to Agamemnon while Briseis became the property of Achilles, at the time the spoils were divided.



Chryseis was the daughter of Chryses, a priest of Apollo. In order to get back his daughter, Chryses went with Many gifts to Agamemnon and appealed to him.

But Agamemnon refused to listen to him, abused him and drove him away. After this, day after day, showers of deadly arrows fell mysteriously on the Greek forces, as a result of which hundreds of the Greeks began to die. Somehow, it was only the common soldiers that died from the arrow, not the kings or the princes.

After ten days Calchas the seer revealed the cause of this mysterious affair.

"Chryses is Apollo's priest and dear to that god. When he came with a ransom for his daughter Agamemnon drove him away with contempt and abuse. As a result of it, Apollo has become angry and is punishing us



with showers of deadly arrows. In order to stop this calamity let Chryseis be sent back to her father with honour," said Calchas.

Accordingly Agamemnon sent Chryseis back to her father and, to make good his loss, took Briseis who had been allotted to Achilles for himself.

Achilles resented this act of the High King. "I shall take no further part in this war," he announced. "I am withdrawing with all my forces."



Since Achilles was in love with Polyxena, this quarrel gave him an opportunity to take a step which would greatly please Priam, Polyxena's father, and Achilles left the battlefield, taking his Myrmidons with him.

The Trojans were immensely pleased when they heard that Achilles had sworn to take part in the war no more, and they made a vigorous attack on the Greeks. Agamemnon was alarm-

ed. He granted the Trojans a truce.

Fighting was suspended. Since Helen was the cause of the dispute, Parris and Menelaus were asked to fight a duel in order to decide who should possess Helen. The duel was fought but it proved indecisive, for in the middle of the fight Paris disappeared. It was said that Aphrodite saw that Paris was getting the worst of the fight, and carried him off to Troy in a magic mist.

The truce was broken when Pandarus shot an arrow at Menelaus. Diomedes came up and killed Pandarus and wounded Aeneas.

Glaucus confronted Diomedes, but they recalled how their fathers had been close friends and abstained from fighting. They parted after exchanging gifts.

Then Hector challenged Achilles to single combat. But Achil-



les sent word that he had retired from the war.

The Greeks chose Great Ajax to fight in single combat with Hector, since Great Ajax was the best of the Greek warriors after Achilles.

Hector and Great Ajax fought until nightfall without one scoring a victory over the other. They were equally matched. They ended by praising each other's skill and exchanging gifts.

Both parties agreed upon an armistice. The Greeks buried their dead, raised a long barrow over the place and on top of it built a wall. Beyond the wall they dug a long, palisaded trench.

Then the fight was resumed and it proved disastrous to the Greeks. They were driven back across the trench and behind the wall. That night the Trojans encamped close to the Greek ships.



Agamemnon was in despair. Defeat was certain unless Achilles was somehow wooed back to the battle-field.

He sent a deputation consisting of Phoenix, Ajax, Odysseus and two heralds with countless gifts in order to pacify Achilles. Briseis would return to him if only he would fight again.

There was a reason for the return of Briseis. Chryseis who had been returned to her father had said to her father, "I have



been very happy with Agamemnon and I wish to remain with him."

So Chryses brought his daughter back to Agamemnon.

Achilles was very friendly with Agamemnon's deputies but he refused their offer. He even informed them that he was intending to sail home with his men the next morning.

That night, when the moon was high, Odysseus and Diomedes planned to make a raid on the Trojan lines.

While they were going on this errand they came upon Dolon who was sent out on patrol by the Trojans. Both the Greeks fell upon him, forcibly extracted information out of him and then killed him.

Dolon revealed a very important bit of information. King Rhesus of Thrace had just joined the Trojans with his forces and his magnificent horses, white as snow



and swift as wind. It was foretold that, if these horses had once eaten Trojan fodder and drunk water from the river Scamander, Troy would become invincible. Odysseus and Diomedes learned from Dolon that Rhesus encamped on the right flank of the Trojan lines.

After Killing Dolon they proceeded to the camp of Rhesus, killed Rhesus and twelve of his companions in their sleep, and went away, taking the horses

with them. The horses had not yet eaten Trojan fodder nor had they drunk of the waters of Scamandar.

The surviving Thracians awoke, found their King and his companions assassinated and the horses gone, and began to flee in despair. The Greeks put to death almost all of them.

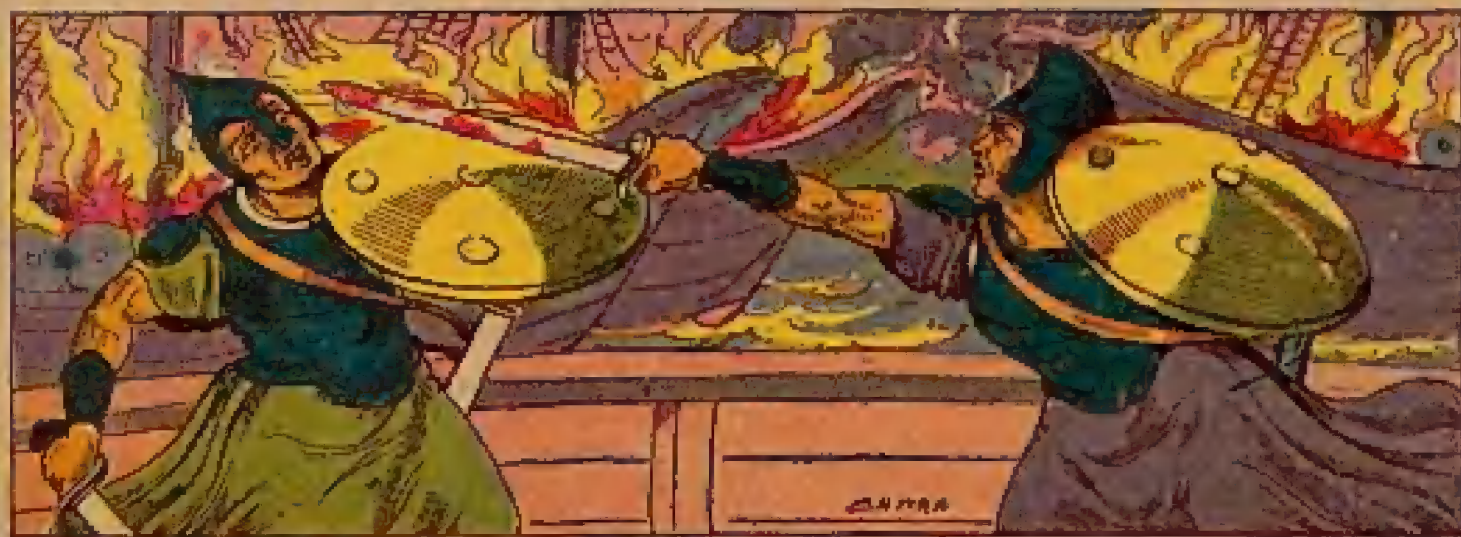
Inspite of all this, the Greeks had another great defeat in the fight that took place on the following day. Agamemnon, Diomedes, Eurypylus and Machaon the surgeon were all wounded, and the Greeks took to flight.

Hector, who pursued them like a ferocious lion, breach-

ed their wall, and pushed on towards the Greek ships. The two Ajaxes, Poseidon and Idomeneus could not halt the push inspite of their best efforts, and Hector broke through the Greek lines.

Great Ajax nearly killed Hector with a large stone but soon Hector rallied and restored the courage of the Trojans. They again went forward till they reached the Greek ships. One of the ships was set ablaze. It was the ship of Protesilaus who was the first Greek to land on Trojan soil and the first Greek who died in the ensuing fight with the Trojans.

(To be continued)





The Swindlers

IN a certain country there were two swindlers. They wandered from village to village in the guise of monks, claiming that they could drive away spirits and ward off evil with talismans. People believed them and gave them money. The elder one posed as the guru while the younger called himself his disciple. But they shared their evil gains equally between them.

Cheats must be always on the move. So our swindlers did not stay in the same village for two days together. If they were in one country for one month they shifted to another country the next month. Yet their ill fame followed them close on their heels. Indeed, they met one of their victims in a certain village.

The victim raised a hue and cry. The culprits were suspected, questioned, beaten well, and finally pushed out of the village.

After this they parted company and went different ways. The guru walked on for several days and came to a city. He went to a public choultry, sat cross-legged upon a pial there and closed his eyes, pretending to be in penance.

Soon a band of idlers gathered in front of him and watched him curiously. After a time the monk opened his eyes and smiled upon his audience.

"Who are you, sir?" the onlookers asked him. "Where do you hail from? What miracles can you perform?" and so on.

"What are we not capable of?" the swindler asked in return.

“We can cure any disease with a pinch of powder. We can ward off any evil with a talisman. We can drive away the wickedest of devils!”

At once he began to make business. Quite a lot of persons took his powder, while some asked for talismans too. He collected money from all, saying that it was for the monastery at Hardwar.

Soon the crowd became very large but all the persons did not do business with the swindler, because they were not sure that

they would get their money's worth. At that moment the disciple arrived on the spot. Seeing the Guru, he ground his teeth in rage, and said, “You are here again, you cheat?” Then he turned to the crowd and shouted, “Good people, don't believe this man. He is a big hoax. Until recently I pretended to be his disciple and assisted him in his swindles. I am done with him forever. I pray you not to be fooled by him!”

Most of the people believed the disciple. “How surprising!



What a rogue! We were nearly taken in!" they said. But those who had already bought powder and talismans from the monk now turned to him and said, "Sir, why do you let him speak such nonsense? Permit us to give him a good hiding!"

The Guru passed his hand over his beard and said, "Poor fool! Don't touch him. Leave him to his sins!"

This only angered the disciple still more. "So you would say!" he said to the elder man. "I know all about you. If anyone

dares to lay hands upon me, I will reveal everything about you!"

People began to feel that the newcomer had truth on his side. Perhaps the first one *was* a swindler. While suspicion invaded their minds, the accused monk stood up and exclaimed, "You fool, you go too far. You hope to deceive these people with your empty words. But you do not realise that there is One who can reveal the truth better than you! Listen, if I am a swindler may this roof fall over my head! And if you are lying,



you will suffer the consequences!" So saying, he took some water out of his bowl and threw it at the disciple.

At once the disciple fell sideways like an axed tree, kicked his legs about for a while and lay stiff and still.

"He's dead! He's dead!" everyone shouted. "Insult a holy man and you are doomed!" some said. "The fool thought that the other one was just a common monk. Now he knows!" said others.

Some others approached the guru and said, "Sir, spare the fellow's life! After all he was an ignorant fool!"

The guru appeared to relent. He took out a talisman, tied it around the disciple's arm, and said, "We forgive you!"

The next instant the disciple opened his eyes, as though he woke out of his sleep. Then he sat up and looked round in bewilderment. He got up weeping, fell upon the guru's feet, and lamented, "Pardon me, master!"

"You are pardoned this time!" said the guru. "Go your way. Never abuse holy men again!"

The disciple stood up, dried his eyes and went away. Business started again. Almost everyone bought a talisman from the monk and the monk made a decent amount of money.

Later the guru left the city and on the way the disciple joined him. They shared the money equally and separated again to enact the same drama in another place.





Losing Friends

WHILE the King sat at home in comfort, the neighbouring kings conquered his kingdom from all sides and laid siege to his fort. With full confidence in his son-in-law who pretended to be Lord Vishnu the King did not worry at all until the fort was surrounded. Then he appealed to his daughter for help.

The Princess approached her husband and said to him, "My lord, you must save the situation. There is danger of the enemy taking the fort. Our supplies are running short. We have lost thousands of soldiers on the battle-field and many more thousands are wounded. You alone can save the situation, O Lord of the Universe!"

The false Vishnu had to do something now. "I shall have to face the enemy in this disguise only," he thought. "Seeing that I am Vishnu they dare not fight me. There is no other way of putting fear into them. When the snake spreads its hood people fear it even if it has no poison fangs."

He said aloud to the Princess, "Let the King go out to fight tomorrow. I will mount my bird and destroy the enemy from the sky."

The Princess told the King and the King shouted, "Victory!" Next morning there was a fight. The false Vishnu too went into battle. "Ah, this fool will bring me disgrace," thought the real



Vishnu. "He is quite incompetent! I must act now!"

So He entered the battle-field and destroyed the enemy in no time. Utterly routed the enemy fled.

Then the false Vishnu descended from the sky and claimed the victory. People marvelled at him. The King gave his daughter in marriage to him and made him his successor to the throne.

Having narrated this story, Damanaka said:

"So, friend Karataka, if one has intelligence one can triumph somehow or other."

Said Karataka:

"But Sanjivaka is intelligent and our King is terrible. How can you split them? Do you think you have the capacity to do so?"

Damanaka replied:

"What you may not achieve with capacity you may achieve by wit. Don't you know how a crow destroyed a vicious snake with the help of a gold ring?"

"What is that story?" Karataka asked. "Let me hear it."

Said Damanaka:

"In the branches of a banian tree there lived a pair of crows. In a hole at the foot of the tree lived a snake. Every time the female crow laid eggs the snake would sneak up in the dark and gobble up the eggs. It happened over and over again.

"The crows, one day, told the jackal about their plight: 'So long as the vicious snake is in the

neighbourhood we won't have any young. How long are we to put up with it? What is the remedy?'

"The jackal smiled and said, 'Friends, you should stop worrying. For wit is sharper than a sword. Now listen to what I say.' Then he muttered something in the crows' ears.

"Then the crows flew to the town nearby. There they saw the ladies of the palace swimming in the pool. Their clothes and jewellery were on the bank. One of the crows picked up a nice gold ring in its beak and flew away. The King's servants saw this and ran after the crow with clubs in their hands. The crow led them on till he reached the tree, and dropped the ornament into the hole in which the snake lived. Then the crow departed.

The King's servants searched the hole, saw the snake and killed it. Then they retrieved the gold ornament and returned back to the palace. At last the



crows were rid of their vile enemy and they praised the jackal for his advice. 'My friends,' said the jackal to the crows, 'there is nothing impossible for those who have a fruitful brain. Let me tell you the story of the Stork and the Crab'.

THE STORK AND THE CRAB

There was a large pond in a forest and in the pond there lived thousands of creatures—fish, frogs, tortoises, crabs and so on. On the edge of the pond there lived a miserable stork with a

feeble body. He starved because he was too old and weak to catch fish.

He worried and worried till he thought of a plan. Then he walked to the water's edge and began to shed tears of sorrow.

A certain crab saw the stork weeping, came near and said to the stork, "Why do you weep, uncle stork? I've never seen you hunt for food. Don't you want to eat? Why do you starve?"

The stork knew that his plan was successful. "You have guessed aright, my son!" said he. "I am a decrepit old thing. I do not touch fish because I am on a fast. I have no desires any more. Here was I born, lived all my life, and am now old, awaiting death. You ask me why I weep. Well, something

terrible is going to happen. There will soon be a terrible drought of twelve years. The entire region will become dry. I have heard the astrologers themselves say so. Look at this miserable pond. Even now it has so little water, what will happen to it during the period of drought? It will become dry and its bottom will become cracked up. Apart from what is going to happen to my birth place, imagine the plight of the creatures living here. They will die out. Those dwelling in neighbouring ponds are already shifting to far-off places and bigger tanks. But those who live here do not even think of moving. That is why I weep." And the stork began to shed some more tears.

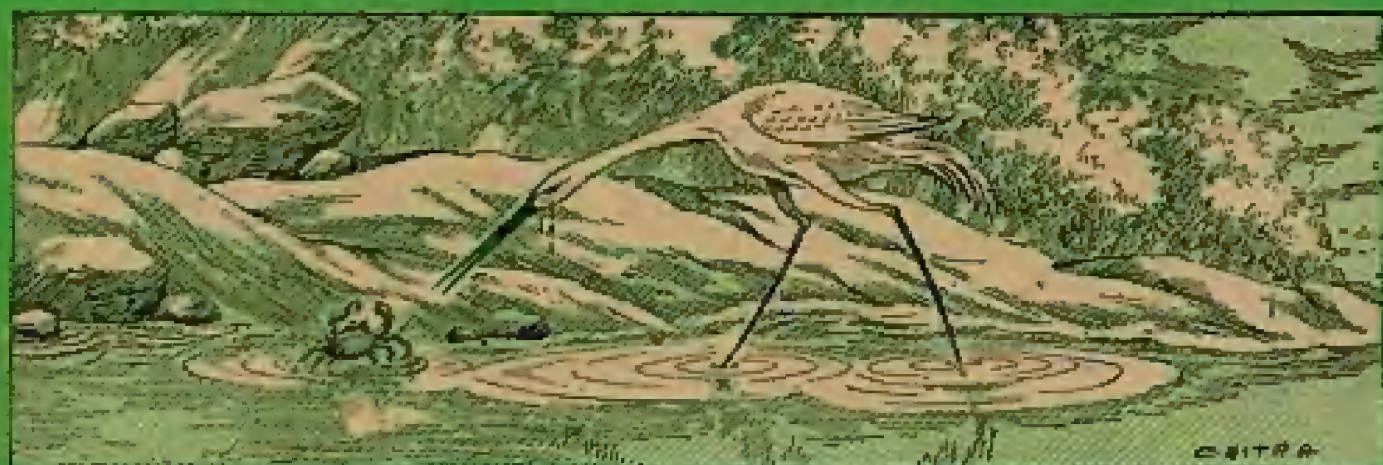


PHOTO CAPTION COMPETITION

JUNE 1957

::

AWARD Rs. 10/-



- ★ Choose apt and significant captions for the above pair of photos. The captions should go in a pair, either words, phrases or short sentences.

- ★ The captions should reach us before 5th of April '57.

- The pair of captions considered best will be awarded Rs. 10/-
- ★ Please write legibly or type the captions on a postcard and address it to: "Chandamama Photo Caption Competition," Madras-26.

RESULTS FOR APRIL

- I. *Photo*: Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife.
- II. *Photo*: The noise and clamour, that's our life.

Contributed by :

Archibald Watson, C/o Mrs. E.S. Watson,
Kankanady, MANGALORE.

AWARD Rs. 10

TURTLES AND TORTOISES

WE are all familiar with three kinds of reptiles: (1) turtles and tortoises, (2) alligators and crocodiles, (3) lizards and snakes.

Turtles are the only reptiles which are covered with shells. Some of them can pull their heads, legs and tails within the shell and protect themselves.

Among turtles there are three varieties—fresh-water turtles, sea turtles and land turtles. The fresh-water turtles live in ponds and wells. The sea turtles live only in the sea.

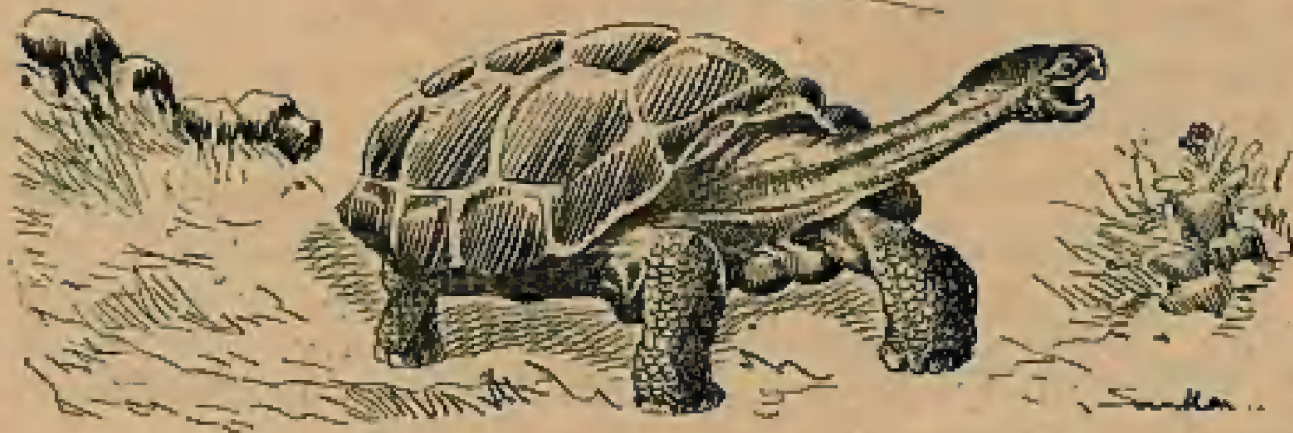
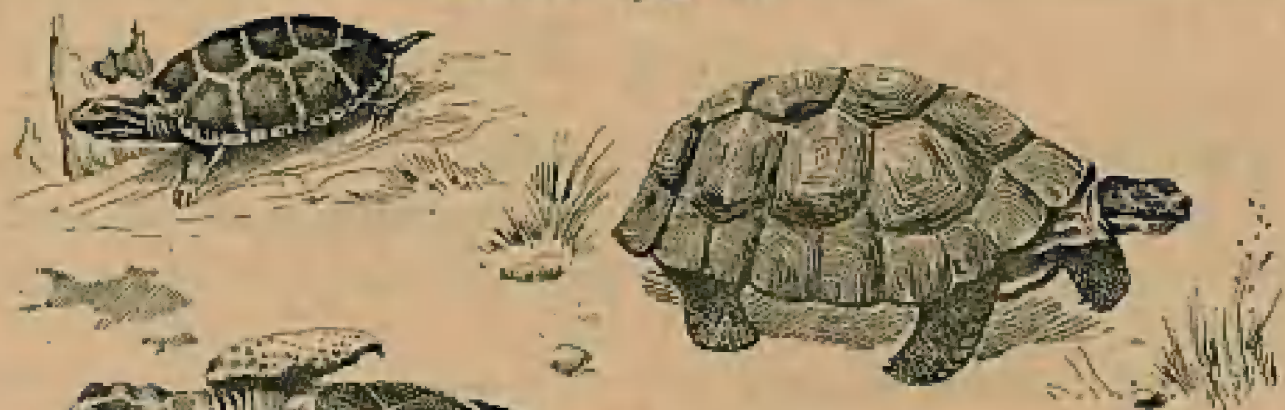
The fresh-water turtle, like all reptiles, breathes with its lungs, so it must come out of water to breathe. But it cannot swallow food unless its head is under water.

Turtles have no teeth. But the snapping turtle has such sharp jaws that it can bite off a man's finger.

Turtles that live on land are called tortoises. Tortoises are very slow in their movement. "As slow as a tortoise" is a common expression. But tortoises live long, sometimes more than a hundred years. They are also very heavy, weighing often over 500 pounds. A grown-up man may ride them.

The green turtle is a sea turtle. It has paddles instead of feet. It comes out of the sea only to lay eggs. Green turtles are caught for food. A big green turtle may weigh 400 pounds and it furnishes a great deal of food.

All reptiles lay eggs. The green turtle digs a pit on the seashore, lays its eggs, covers them with sand and returns to the sea. The eggs hatch due to the heat and moisture. The freshly hatched turtles make for the water. On the way some of them fall prey to birds. Those which manage to reach the water survive.





Prof: P. C. SORCAR

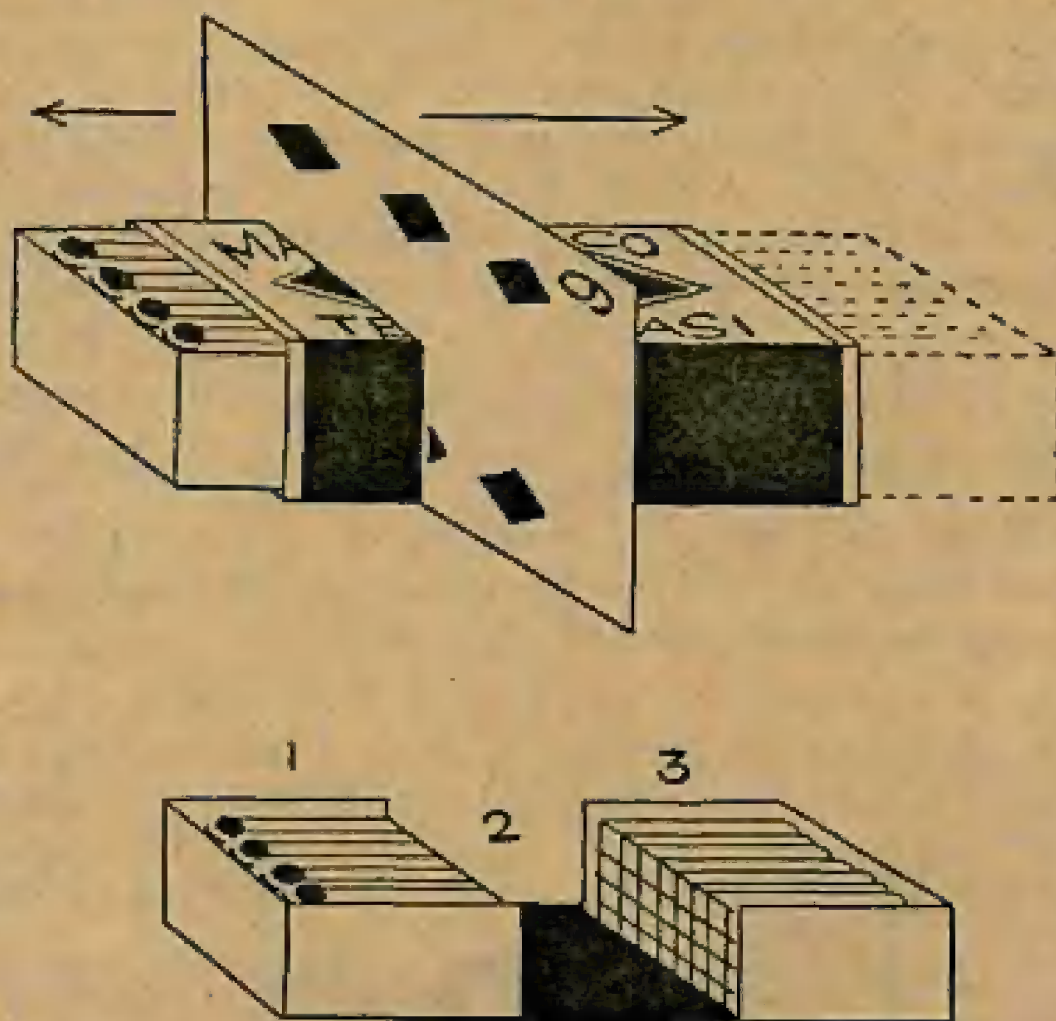
THE mysterious matchbox is a very clever trick. One ordinary matchbox is cut in the middle with a sharp knife till it almost reaches the opposite end and through this hole one ordinary palying card is inserted as shown in the accompanying picture. Though the inner lid or tray of the matchbox containing the full load of match sticks is practically interlocked by the inserted playing card, it can easily be pushed forward and backward as shown by the arrowheads and dotted lines in the sketch. Every one will be very much surprised at this wonderful feat,

because they do not know that the matchbox is specially prepared for this particular trick.

To perform this trick successfully the magician must previously prepare one matchbox in the following way. The outer box must be cut with a sharp knife on three sides excepting the bottom. The inner tray is taken out and it is emptied because all the matchsticks will have to be cut into three parts. One-third portion with match heads will be gummed to the one-third portion of the box (see 1 in the picture). Then the other one third of the

matchsticks will be gummed together at the other end of the tray at 3. The middle one-third of the tray, *i.e.*, portion 2 as shown in the picture will have bottom only

Spectators are surprised, and they always think that there is trickery in the card, which can be thrown to the audience for re-examination. It is a very clever trick but it should



and not the two sides. When an ordinary playing card is inserted in the matchbox the seemingly impossible feat of sliding the loaded matches this way and that is done.

not be repeated to the same audience. All the small matchsticks must be properly gummed otherwise they will fall out and let the cat out!



NEWS ITEMS

THE first railway wagon building factory to be built in South India will be named Southern Structurals Ltd. A site of 40 acres has been chosen for this purpose within a distance of 15 miles from Madras. A crore of rupees will be invested in the factory which is expected to manufacture a thousand wagons a year. About 600 persons will be employed.

* * *

As a result of 10 years of effort and experiment by scientists and flyers air flights via the North Pole were commenced from February 24, between Copenhagen and Tokyo. The flight lasts 32 hours. A plane left Copenhagen with a crew of 11 and 47 passengers while a sister plane left Tokyo with 45 passengers. The planes were to meet over the North Pole.

* * *

B.G. Kher, veteran Congress leader and former Chief Minister of Bombay, died on the morning of March 8, at Poona. All Government offices at Bombay and Poona remained closed and the National Flag was flown half-mast on all Government buildings.



On February 20, a new coal mine was inaugurated at Yellanadu. This new mine is said to have reserves of nearly 5.6 million tons of coal and a production capacity of 10,000 tons a month. Coal was first discovered at Yellanadu in 1871 and the present production of the coal field there is 1.8 lakh tons per year.

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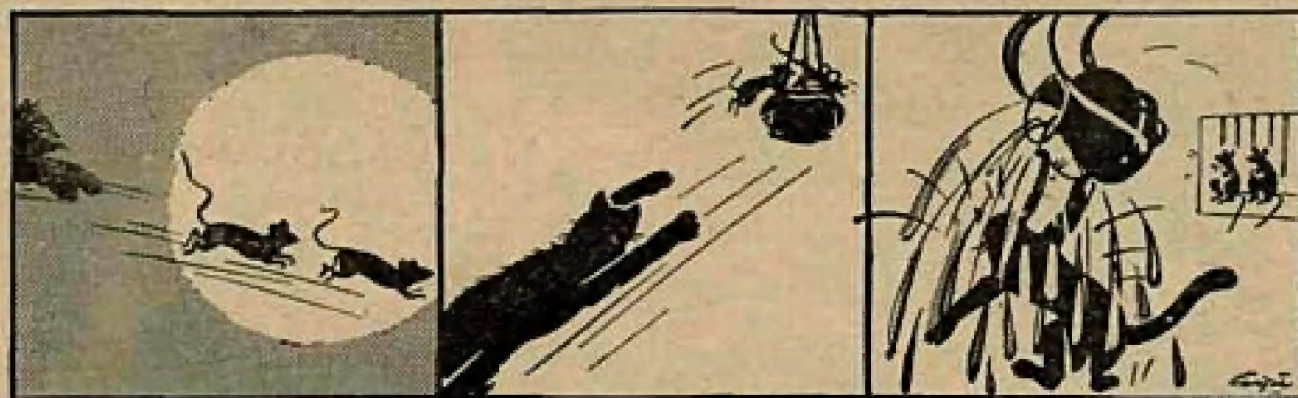
While Prime Minister Nehru was on the election tour, his plane "Meghdoot" had engine trouble in mid-air. One of its engines caught fire and the plane was force-landed near Raichur. The Soviet Government who had gifted the plane to the Prime Minister, later gave him another plane of the same design while Soviet technicians flew over to correct the engine of "Meghdoot."

* * *

On March 6, the new independent state of Ghana came into being in the place of the Gold Coast. At midnight the Union Jack was lowered and the new Ghana flag was raised in its place over the Assembly House at Accra which is the capital. Dr. Kwame Nkrumah is 47, the youngest of Commonwealth Premiers. The General Assembly unanimously approved Ghana's admission as the 81st member of the United Nations.

* * *

According to the National Geographic Society, the tallest mountain peak in the world is not Everest but Mauna Kea, off the island of Hawaii. From its base which is under the sea to its peak, it measures 33,476 feet—4,448 feet more than Everest. But it rises only 13,796 feet above the level of the sea.

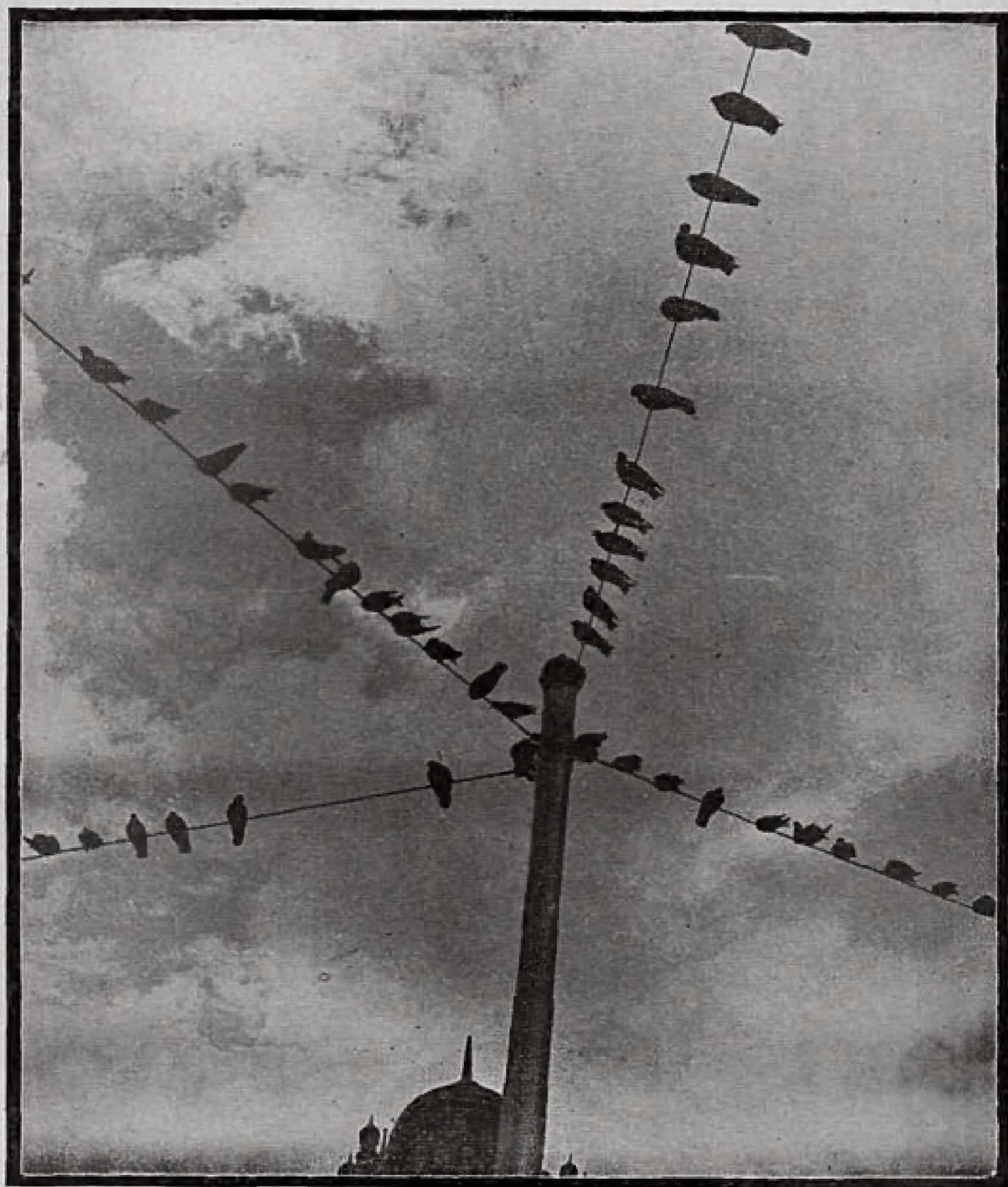


Picture Story



ONE night, Dass and Vass were sleeping when there was a noise in the adjoining room. "It is a thief," Vass said, "what are we to do now?" "It is a thief all right!" said Dass. "He may be carrying a knife!" Then both covered themselves up in fear. In the meantime, "Tiger" slipped out, ran towards the constable on the beat, and barked. The constable followed "Tiger" and managed to catch the thief redhanded. And how the Inspector praised "Tiger" to the shame of Dass and Vass!





THE NOISE AND CLAMOUR THAT'S OUR LIFE

Winning Caption

Contributed by : A. Watsa, Mangalore.



HELEN OF TROY